THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE AEOLIAN HARP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY S. B. BECKETT.

It was a summer eve; two females sat
Beside an open casement through which flowed
The perfume sweet of wild, uncultured flowers;
A blooming matron, one of placid mien,
The other was her child, her only child—
A fair-haired girl, who had an earnest look,
As though her mind were schooled beyond her years,
For scarcely had she come to womanhood.
Before them, in the lovely moonlight, lay
A scene of tranquil beauty—wood and wave—
The glassy waters of a winding lake,
With islets green and headlands bold and dark,
And mountains far remote, on which still glowed
The mellow radiance of departed day;
Wrapped in the beauty of the glowing scene,
Silent they sat, when suddenly a strain
Of thrilling harmony stole on their ears,
Rising and falling in such cadences,
As made them hush their very breath with awe—
At length the timid girl essayed to speak.

Thou hearest it, mother! canst thou tell
The mystery of this thrilling spell?
It comes when one is unaware,
Breathing along the quiet air—
It fills the heart, 'tis everywhere!
But listen, and it fades and dies
Like rosy hues on sunset skies.
There, mother, there it swells again—
Did'st ever hear so wild a strain,
So sweetly sad? The bell-formed flowers
That swing upon the cliffs might seem
To ring such chimes, or gentle showers,
Falling on some far, placid stream;
There, listen to that sudden burst!—
'T was yesternight I heard it first;
You, mother, had retired to rest,
But strange, dim thoughts were in my breast,
And I sat looking on the scene
Without, so stilly and serene,
When suddenly, yet faint and sweet,
Those sounds came wavering to my ear;
I thought at first 't was but a cheat,
But then it came more bold and clear,
And made my very heart strings thrill—
It died away and all was still.
Again rolled on—each object round
In turn seemed vocal with the sound;
One moment, and it would awake
From midst the lone waves of the lake,
And then it burst from yonder isle,
As if an answering note—erewhile,
It shifted to the solitudes
Of those deep-shaded, silent woods,
There to yon headland, bursting out
As 't were a squadron's battle shout,
Then died away along the waves
That glitter by the *Giant's Graves*,
To wake in some spot more remote,
In simpler, sadder, sweeter note!
And once those mountains far and lone,
As their dim summits caught my eye,
Seemed vocal with the spirit-tone
Of that wild-breathing harmony;
A troop of silvery vapors lay
In slumber, ranged along their crest,
And dreamily I thought that they
Might be pavilions of the blest,
Who might be tuning now their lyres
To melodies of angel choirs;
'T was a sweet dream, too sweet to stay,
The spell passed with the clouds away
But not so did the spirit-lay,
Save in some momentary pause;
Can'st tell me, mother dear, the cause
Of these sweet sounds?

The mother smiled,
As she discovered to her child,
Stretched 'neath the slightly lifted panes,
A simple, silken string,
And through the opening
Came in those soft Æolian strains.

Portland, 1842.

Original Tales.

THE THEATRE TICKET;

Or, the Two Apprentices.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY J H INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," &c.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed on; and William, the dry good's clerk, found it was a dog's life to be a younger clerk, though it might be a gentleman's, to be an upper! He was not long also in finding that his country clothes made him the butt of the smarter clerks, and his virtuous habits brought upon him the sneers of his more initiated fellows. His father allowed him no money; and as he was often tempted to go to the theatre and to ride like other clerks, he daily felt his insignificance.

"What an innocent you are, Dalby," said one of the clerks, about his own age to him one day, six months after he had been in the store, as both were walking home to breakfast.

William blushed at being thought an innocent, and asked why he was thought to be so.

"Why you're still wearing your country coat, have never been to the theatre, and don't know one girl worth knowing in the city."

"My coat is still good, but is not quite so fashionable as I wish it was; as to going to the theatre, I have no money,—though I should like to go very much; as to knowing a girl worth knowing, I have the acquaintance of both of Captain Fenroy's pretty daughters, and——"

Here he was interrupted by a loud laugh from his companion, which offended while it mortified him.

"Is their anything to laugh at in what I have said, Townley?" he asked irritably.

"Ha, ha, ha! You are so green, Dalby. Come, I see I must teach you first how to get a new coat."

"I can't afford it," replied Dalby, who really had a long time felt ashamed of his dress in the presence of his smart fellow-clerks.

"We'll see! Here's Cabbage & Cassimere's shop, the crack merchant tailors. Let's go in."

Dalby followed him in, and Townley looking round and seeing, as he well knew that neither of the firm at that hour where in, went up to the shop board in a rear room were sat a little black-eyed journeyman tailor, with a cadaverous visage and the sharp avaricious eye of a rogue.

"Well, Snip, how do!" said Townley, in a frank off hand way, that Dalby would have given the world to have had the assurance to imitate.

"I'm well, quite well," said Snip in a lively tone, jumping from his shop-board and thrusting his stocking feet into a pair of slippers made of old boots *razeed*. "How did you like my last fit, Mr. Townley?"

"Admirable. Can you fit my friend here, as well? He wants a new rig out and out."

Snip's professional eye surveyed our hero from top to toe, and he then replied by a significant inquiring glance at Townley.

"All right," answered Townley, in a low tone, with a wink. "A new cove! I'll see he makes you safe. Take his measure now, and come to the shop to-morrow when the boss toppers are gone to dinner. I want a new suit too—so kill two birds with one stone."

Snip now took Dalby's measure, who remained passive and wondering what the price would be, knowing he had not a yard of cloth or the means to get it.

"Come, Dalby. Snip 'll call for the cloth to-morrow" said Townley, taking his arm and leading him from the shop. "Don't tell any one you have been here or ever seen Snip, and he'll make you a complete dandy suit."

"That I should like of all things in the world; but how can I get the cloth?"

"Never mind, I'll show you. The bosses must pay the scott."

Before William could ask his meaning they had entered their boarding house. The same afternoon Townley in measuring off a dress for a lady, managed to approach the place were Dalby stood selling a pair of gloves to a very pretty young girl.

"Would you like to go to the theatre to-night, Dalby?" he whispered to him; "it's a great play."

"Yes," answered Dalby, his blood leaping at the thought, but his countenance immediately falling at the recollection of not having a penny in the world to pay for a ticket.

"Then sell *her* the five pair for two dollars as she wishes, and keep one dollar." And thus boldly speaking, Townley moved away from him again.

Dalby was startled! The temptation was well timed and artful. He deliberated, and then resolved not to heed it.

"I will take the five pair for two dollars," said the female, looking at him with a smile; "here are two silver dollars. Shall I have them?"

"The price is five 'levy's a pair, Miss," said Dalby with hesitation, and thinking much of Townley's dangerous words.

"Now you *will* let me have them!" and the young girl smiled so bewitchingly and entreatingly that he hardly was able to resist. But Dalby had never yet been dishonest and he knew not how to be so.

At this instant Townley again approached, and whispered,

"Take it, Dalby, take it: and then we can go to the theatre to-night."

Dalby could no longer resist. His evil genius triumphed, and hastily wrapping up the gloves, he took the money, secretly conveying one dollar to his pocket, placing only the other in the drawer.

"So, Dalby, you have made a cash sale," said little Mr. Tape, who passed by at the moment and saw him deposit the dollar in the money drawer. William colored and turned away, feeling he had wronged his employers' by sacrificing their goods.

"Who was that pretty girl, Dalby, you sold the gloves to?" asked Townley, having dismissed his customer.

"I don't know—but you should not have tempted me to steal, Townley."

"Fudge, and don't talk so loud! Steal! These are our perquisites. I see we must initiate you. Look here!" and Townley furtively displayed a three dollar bill, and a handful of silver.

"How did you get that?" asked our novice with surprise, knowing his fellow-clerk had no way of getting money more than himself.

"Keep dark! The old lady just gone out bought two silk dresses and a shawl. I sold her the whole three dollars over the price and pocketed the rest."

"Is that honest?"

"As honest as to sell gloves under price, and take half the proceeds."

Dalby colored, felt angry and guilty, and was silent.

"Poh, poh! That was nothing. I do it every day. Our old toppers here don't pay us any thing, and we must live. You have begun now, Dalby, and mustn't be squeamish. To-morrow, Snip will be in here for cloth when the toppers are out. He will buy and pay for a quarter of a yard for form's sake, and you must cut him off four and a quarter. You will want a vest pattern and you must give him two. So you will let him have cloth for your own clothes, and pay him at the same time in the same coin for making."

"But it'll be missed," said Dalby, the honesty of whose mind had received its first shock through the gloves, and who now began to contemplate the matter without much disinclination; so prompt is vice, if it once get the ear of the conscience to deafen it against all other appeals.

"Missed, never! Do you suppose Tape or Yardstick in such an extensive establishment as this, measure every day every piece of goods to see how much has been sold! You are safe enough. Be guided by me, Dalby, and you'll have good clothes and money enough, and go to the theatre as often as you like.

Under the excellent tuition of this virtuous and honest young man, our dry-goods-clerk promised to do honor to his tutor. That evening, full of life and hope, but with a very heavy conscience in his breast which he tried to keep quiet, he sallied forth with Townley to visit the theatre for the first time. The glare of the lights, the crowd of people, the magnificence of the scenery, the music, the actors, and the applause, seemed to the inexperienced Dalby to belong to a scene of enchantment. During the tragedy he sat in the pit with Townley totally absorbed by the performance; but when the curtain fell his companion adroitly drew him into the lobby where he introduced him to several of his companions, and persuaded him to join them in a glass of brandy sangaree. The gaiety and wit—for to Dalby it seemed such—of his new acquaintance so charmed him; that Townley did not find it difficult to induce him to adjourn with the party to a neighboring oyster-cellar, where they all recommenced drinking. Dalby, unused to wine, soon became inebriated, and, after several attempts to fight his companions, he was forcibly conveyed home by Townley.

The next forenoon at eleven o'clock, Dalby made his appearance at the store with a heavy eye, a lowering look and a faltering step. He pleaded illness to excuse his absence and went to his work.

"Don't look so like a hang-dog, Dalby," said Townley, taking an opportunity to whisper in his ear as he passed him. "You look as if you had committed murder."

Poor Dalby! He felt he had murdered his own peace of mind for ever! his honor! his self-respect! his manly innocence, he had all parted with in one fatal twenty-four hours! How heavily weighed his conscience in his bosom! how bitter were his reflections! how low and despicable he appeared in his own eyes! Gradually from contemplating his own wretched fate he turned his thoughts upon Townley, and he felt rise in his heart a spirit of revenge against him whom his judgment told him was the author of his fall. He waited till they left the store to go to dinner and then bitterly accused him of planning his ruin.

"Ha, ha, ha, Dalby! I ruin you! You ought to thank me, boy, for introducing you to a fine party and showing you a little of the town! What is a gentleman good for if he is ignorant of the world? Poh, poh! You will soon think differently."

"I shall be discovered in the money I took; and I am dying with shame when I think how I exposed myself by drinking last night in the theatre! I don't remember half I did, but have a confused recollection of having acted very silly. I will never drink or go to the theatre again."

"So you think now and so I did once; but I have got over all that weakness. By-the-bye there is to be a supper at a friend's of mine to-morrow night. He wishes you particularly to come."

"I cannot go," said Dalby, but his tone was more hesitating than his words. Townley saw it and said,

"You will stay then, and be laughed at for a Puritanic fool. Well—I have done all I could to show you the world."

"If you think—" began Dalby.

"If I *think*!—why there is no thinking about it. Come, now, don't be so prudish."

So Dalby and Townley went to the party, and the result was that Dalby did not make his appearance the next day at the store at all. Townley excused him to the firm on the plea of illness. When at length the next morning he appeared, he looked bold, reckless and had a dissipated air. From that day his path was downward. He and Townley kept up for a year longer a system of robbery and embezzlement to support their extravagances without discovery. At length Messrs. Tape & Yardstick found that their affairs were behind hand and not living very economically themselves, and having other clerks besides Dalby and Townley who must live, they were forced one sunny morning to close their doors and give the keys into the hands of the sheriff. Thus Dalby and Townley's embezzlements were unlikely ever to be discovered, and obtaining other situations they carried on the same system. At length Townley being entrusted with the bank-book to deposit $7000 in the bank, lost the way and by mistake took the case to Baltimore and thence to St. Louis, where he had left directions for Anna—to follow him. He was, however, followed and arrested, brought back, tried and sentenced to seven years in the State's prison. Being, however, too honorable (or rather having too much self-esteem) he did not implicate Dalby in any of his transactions, who grateful for his escape resolved to reform. He did so—for his fright had been effectual, and for the remaining years of his clerkship till twenty-one bore the character of an upright clerk. The house he was in was well-established, and he remained in it a salesman until his twenty-seventh year, when the great crash of '38 came, and his employers fell amid the general wreck and ruin of the mercantile world. He was thrown out of business, and after being reduced almost to beggary and to thread bare wardrobe, he at last got "a situation in a lawyer's office"—to wait in it and tend it during the lawyer's absence in court. For this service he had a cot in the wood-room, and was allowed two dollars a week; and on this he miserably supported nature! He tried meanwhile to get a situation in some store, but there were numerous applicants for every vacancy. One morning early his eye lit upon an advertisement for a book-keeper and he hastened to the place. But diligent as he was, he found there before him a crowd of young and middle-aged men of "respectability" who had sought "gentility through the aid of that magic wand the yardstick," and thought to cut their way to "respectability" by means of scissors! Before twelve o'clock there were one hundred and six miserable applicants for the position advertised for. But one could obtain it, and our hero was *not* that one. By and by Dalby's wardrobe grew so shabby that the lawyer one day after eyeing its condition closely, civilly told him he had concluded to get a boy to tend and sweep his office, and that he was at liberty to leave that forenoon. So saying he paid him three dollars.

For several days Dalby *loafed* about the bar-rooms till his last penny was gone, and he knew not where to get his next mouthful or where to lay his head the next night. The idea more than once occurred to him of stealing to supply his urgent necessities. But the vivid recollection of his escape when Townley was convicted still retained its effect upon his mind and fears, and made him honest at least. Twenty-four hours had passed and he had eaten nothing but a piece of bread and butter he had begged from a little girl going to school, and had slept only beneath a market cart. He crawled from his rude and comfortless lodging, and his first waking thought was that be must die of hunger. "Oh, that I had a trade of some sort," he sighed bitterly. His eye at that moment fell on a Saturday Post just thrown into a door by a news-man, and urged by hunger he took it without being seen and sold it at the next cellar for three cents. With this he bought a scanty breakfast that did not half appease his biting hunger, and then sat down in the market looking at the piles of vegetable and fruit that to touch and eat would be a crime. Wretched, haggard and miserable he soon fell asleep dreaming of tables loaded with viands offered to his touch by assiduous attendants, like the feast of Don Sancho Panza in his island kingdom, and ere he could taste them, removed far from his reach.

CHAPTER IV.

The progress of vice and error should be pourtrayed in detail, as the shoals and rocks that might endanger vessels are minutely surveyed and charted, while the fair open sea hath nothing but its absence of reefs to indicate its still and fathomless depth. We have surveyed the progress of our dry good's clerk in detail, showing the rocks and the quicksands upon which he split from being launched without rudder or ballast upon life's tempestuous sea. That of Henry Farnham presents few points that need our notice; for the current of his life ran smooth and clear. From the day he set to work planing the lintel of a door until his apprenticeship expired at twenty-one, he was diligent and steady, and gave indications of mechanical genius which his master was pleased to see and took pains to cultivate. There were apprentices' libraries and Henry soon availed himself of their advantages. There were mercantile libraries also, but Dalby had never heard of them, and his employers gave themselves no trouble about his habits, mind or character so long as he did his duty to them in the store. Mr. Russel, on the other hand like a sensible practical man, wished his apprentices' to improve their minds while they were helping him in his labors. While Dalby was carousing at theatres and in taverns, Henry was spending his evenings either at home reading or at the library, or at the mathematical school which he attended two evenings in a week. Occasionally as he was going to church on Sunday he would meet Dalby fashionably attired lounging arm in hand along the walk staring at all pretty women, or else driving along with Townley at full speed to revel at some tavern or garden in the suburbs. On these occasions Dalby affected not to know him or recognised him only by an impertinent stare. Thus parallel, but ever diverging, if I may thus convey the idea, run the lines of the careers of these two young men. At length Henry attained his freedom, perfect master of a useful trade. He felt a manly independence at the thought that money could not give, and thanked his father in a grateful letter he wrote the day he was twenty-one for placing him in a situation which had now secured to him an independence. During his apprenticeship, his father to teach early dependence on his own exertions had given no pecuniary assistance whatever. Mr. Russel now proposed to take him into copartnership, as he had contracts for a large number of houses and needed one to act with him who could feel an interest in the business. He wrote to his father upon the subject, knowing his great wealth and supposing as he had given him a trade only as an independence in reserve in case of any vicissitude of fortune; and expecting him to call him home to take charge of his own affairs. Judge Henry's surprise and pain at receiving the following reply.

PHEASTON, Nov. 20, 183-.

MY DEAR HENRY—Your favor of the 16th current mo. is before me. I reply to your letter asking me what answer to return to kind Mr. Russel, I must advise you to accept of his proposition, for you will now have to look for your support in life wholly to your trade! I don't know how, at this crisis, humbly enough to thank God for putting it into my heart to give you a useful trade, though I was rich and able to make you independent. Now, I see the wisdom of my course, and you will yet thank me for it. It is my unhappy duty, my son, to inform you of the *entire loss* of all my property, except our little home. You are aware that I was a large stockholder in the C—— County Bank, which I believed only so late as last week to be the best stock in the country. It is now, as the papers will tell you, worthless. Half of my fortune was invested by loans to the M—— coal mining company to enable it to carry on operations, and I had real estate security of that mine and one near Pottsville. The company have failed, the security has proved worthless, without an additional $100,000 to set the mines going again, and so I am bankrupt. This does not grieve me, as I have always held my wealth lightly, knowing well its fleeting nature. It does not grieve me on your account, for I know you possess an independence in the knowledge of your trade. But grieved and broken hearted I should have been, my son, if I had let you remain at home in idleness, or launched you upon the precarious sea (as it has lately proved) of mercantile life without a trade to resort to! Heavy would my heart have been to see you beggared without a resource to which to fly! Loud and unendurable would have been the reflections of conscience! But thank God I have nothing like this to add to the weight of this hour. You are independent of me and of fortune, and it remains with you to pursue steadily the course to wealth, independance and that respectability which is based on a useful life. Accept, then, dear Henry, the offer of good Mr. Russel, and let me hear often from you and be sure you come and spend Christmas with us.

Your affectionate father,
HENRY FARNHAM.

P. S. I am sorry to inform you that Lawyer Dalby's affairs have of late become deranged on account of his practice falling off and he has taken to drinking; having mortgaged his house to Peter Merril, the saddler, whom he once so cruelly distressed for rent. Remember, Henry, that truth, justice and honesty, with a useful occupation will alone secure men against the evils of this life!

Henry Farnham's mind was too well disciplined to start or play the tragic hero at reading this letter: he had been taught dependence on himself, and it in no way affected or altered his relative condition. He took the letter to Mr. Russel and quietly placed it in his hand

"I am sorry for your father, Henry," he said, after reading it, "but as for yourself you will soon make it up. We will draw up the papers of our partnership at once."

From that day Henry Farnham increased in prosperity, and soon his name became distinguished as a master-builder. From building houses for others he began to build for himself, and by-and-bye, Mr. Russel retiring from ill-health from business, surrendered the whole into his hands. Henry had two or three years before discovered that Annot Gray, the niece of the late Mayor, was one of the sweetest beings he had ever seen. He had often met her at her father's house, when visiting him to consult and exhibit plans for public edifices. Henry's manners and address were those of a gentleman; for, because a young man is a mechanic, it is no reason why he should be vulgar—yet this is effected when they ought to know and feel differently. Henry's mind was cultivated, in conversation he was intelligent, and being pleased with Annot Gray, he made himself pleasing to her. At the age of twenty-six he had become independent, and was the owner of a handsome block of houses, erected by himself in Walnut street. Old Colonel Gray esteemed and honored him, and readily gave his consent to their union. He moved into one of his own handsome houses, and on the door, placed on a brass plate "HENRY FARNHAM, BUILDER."

A year elapsed after his marriage, when one afternoon he was passing through Fourth across Market street on his way to a civic dinner, given in the spacious saloon of Sanderson's Hotel, in company with the Governor of the State, and his friend Mr. Strickland, the architect, when his progress was interrupted by a crowd surrounding a man apparently dying. Obeying the dictates of humanity, Henry stopped to see if he could render any assistance. He raised the head of the poor man, and started at beholding through all their haggardness and misery the features of his old school mate and fellow townsman, William Dalby. He groaned with sympathy. He saw plainly he was perishing with hunger. Excusing himself from his friends by a hasty explanation, he called a carriage and aided in helping him into it, and drove rapidly to his own house. Here medical sympathy did all to restore the unfortunate man. But the lamp of life had flickered too low in the socket for want of nourishment, and before midnight, the spirit of this wretched victim of a wicked and reprehensible system of "respectability" took its flight from this world of suffering. "Peace to thy ashes, poor William Dalby," said Henry Farnham, bending over him and dropping a tear upon his lifeless cheek, "thy blood be on thy father's head and hand!"

Thus sadly do we close this tale of real life! Would to God it were a fiction! but there are thousands who will lay their hands upon their hearts and mournfully say,

"'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true!"

We cannot do better than append to our painful narrative, the remarks of a man, who we are glad to see, feels as we do upon a subject that menaces our land with ruin, and our fire-sides with desolation; that entails an incalculable evil upon the youth of the coming generation, and prepares for them a cup of bitterness in their deaths, few will drink without cursing the parental hand that hath administered it!

"It is melancholy indeed," says the bold writer alluded to, "to behold the quantity of *tins* nailed about on shutters, windows and doors, and scattered over the length and breadth of the land. There, for hour after hour in small rooms fitted up with books and tables, may be found young men waiting in *hope*—hope, alas, in most instances never to be realized! *Clientless* and *patientless* they spend their weary days, living either on the bounty of their parents or friends, or deriving their support from labors other than professional. Sad, dreary and painful are many days passed before practice does come; and even years elapse before positive competence is attained; while, in the interval a bitter struggle between *appearances* and *means* is kept up—an effort made to cheat a credulous public into a conviction that business *is* done, and all the while the young, perhaps naturally noble and generous heart is wasting its energies. *And when, perchance, the prize does come, it finds him with his best feeling curdled to the core; his affections blighted; and his kindlier and more generous emotions stunted and dwarfed by his previous struggle!*

"He now goes abroad into the crowded paths of life, trampling down where he might have raised up, crushing where he might have spared! and this he does from the feeling within that urges him to administer to others that cup of whose bitter ingredients he has himself partaken to the dregs! This is no fancy sketch! no ideal picture! it exists before our eyes and every where around us; and so long as this false estimate between trades and profession last, it will continue to exist a poison more fatal to the lungs of our young Republic than that shed by the Upas tree upon the surrounding atmosphere."

Could the breasts of many of these young men, thrust into the professions by (I will not say misjudging kindness) but by the wicked and guilty ambition of parents and relatives, be laid bare; it would be seen how often and bitterly they repented their lot,—and how gladly they would escape, did an opening present itself. But what opening is there for the briefless young lawyer, unemployed doctor, or out of place clerk? They are fitted for nothing else! it has been the business of their lives, and now they find themselves in that bitterest of all human feeling, the desire of fame and anxiety for labor when none offers! Their situation becomes truly deplorable! "To beg they are ashamed;" "Workmen standing idle in the market place, for no man will hire them!" At length in a sort of revenge upon the injustice done them by that portion of mankind represented by their parents, they use their talents to prey upon the community. Hence the hundreds of genteel intelligent gamblers that infest the west; hence the forgers and dissipated idlers of our own streets! For what marvel is it, that urged by want, or to flee from the sight of blighted hopes, they should wander sometimes into devious paths! What other alternative have they else, but to lie down and die like William Dalby? Those who are not tried, cannot judge the temptation; and we have little fellow feeling with that man, who placed by chance or inheritance above the pinching temptations of a narrow income, lays his hand on his velvet covered breast and thanks God "*he* is not as other men, nor as *this* publican."

Contrast now with this picture, the condition and prospects of a well-educated mechanic—one who during his apprenticeship has availed himself, like Henry Farnham, of the Lyceums and literary advantages of the city,—who has the customary English education, and who quits his master perfect in his trade. He, too, is abroad upon the world to cut and carve his fortune, like the professional man, with but little or no capital but his trade: yet how widely different the result! He is immediately engaged at the current rates, and at once finds himself on the road to competence. He *loses no time* waiting for custom, clients or patients!

We have no wish to disparage the *profession*! but unless the young man has other means than those derived from his profession, to subsist upon for at least four years after obtaining his license, he had better become hostler to the next inn, than a lawyer or doctor! More humane in such a case, would it be for the parent to dig a grave and bury his child in it with his own hands, than cast him thus helpless upon the world! But we have said enough for this time. If our remarks or the moral of our story shall have such influence over the mind of any one deluded parent, as to be the instrument of saving their child from the sorrow, distress, infamy and ruin, we have pointed out, our end will be answered and we shall thank God for having been, in his hands, the instrument of good and the averter of evil.

BEFORE permission was given to report and publish the speeches of the House of Commons, one advised Henry Pelham, the leader of the administration party, to restrain the newspapers from such a breach of privilege. "Let them alone," replied Mr. Pelham, "they make better speeches for us than we can for ourselves."

THE CAPTURE OF THE SERAPIS,

BY PAUL JONES, IN THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE NAVY.

CAPTURE OF THE SERAPIS.

During the summer of 1779, a squadron destined to act against the British coast, and to intercept the Baltic fleet, was fitted out in France, under the command of Paul Jones. On the 23d of September, while this squadron was cruising in the latitude of Flamborough Head, about two leagues from the English coast, the Baltic fleet hove in sight, about two o'clock in the afternoon. It was convoyed by the Serapis, of 44 guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of 22. The merchant-ships immediately took refuge under the guns of Scarborough castle, while the two armed vessels stood out to sea, and prepared for action. It was night before Jones could come up with the English vessels. At six o'clock, both of the English frigates tacked, and stood in for shore. Jones fortunately discovered this manœuvre, and immediately altered his course six points, with a view of cutting them off. When this was perceived by the Pallas, it was supposed the crew of the Bon Homme Richard, Jones's ship, had mutinied. This induced the captain to haul his wind and stand out to sea. The Alliance lay to, at a considerable distance to windward. As soon as the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard were closely engaged, the Countess of Scarborough ceased firing; as it would have been impossible for her to have fired a shot, without its taking effect on the Serapis.

The following account of this famous battle is given in the language of an eye-witness.

"At a quarter past 8, just as the moon was rising with a majestic appearance, the weather being clear, the surface of the great deep perfectly smooth, even as a mill-pond, the enemy hailed us, 'what ship is that?' The answer from our ship was, 'come a little nearer and I'll tell you.' The next question, put by the enemy in a contemptuous manner, 'what are you laden with?' The answer was, if my memory does not deceive me, 'round, grape, and double-headed shot.' Instantly the Serapis poured her range of upper and quarter-deck guns into us; as she did not show her lower-deck guns until about ten minutes after the action commenced. The reason of this I could not learn, but suppose they intended to have taken us without the aid of their lower-deck guns. We returned the enemy's fire, and thus the action began. At the first fire, three of our starboard lower-deck guns burst, and killed and wounded most of the men stationed at them. As soon as Capt. Jones heard of this circumstance, he gave orders not to fire the three other eighteen pounders mounted upon that deck, but that the men stationed at them should abandon them. Soon after we perceived the enemy, by the light of their lanterns, busy in running out their guns between decks, which convinced us the Serapis was a two-decker, and more than our match. She had by this time got under our stern, which we could not prevent. She now raked us with whole broadsides, and showers of musketry; several of her eighteen-pound shot having gone through and through our ship, on board of which she made a dreadful havoc among our crew. The wind was now very light, and our ship not under proper command, and the Serapis outsailing us two feet to one; which advantage the enemy discovered, and improved it by keeping under our stern, and raking us fore and aft, till at last the poor French colonel, who was stationed on the poop, finding all his men slain, quitted that station with his surviving men, and retired upon the quarter-deck. All this time our tops kept up an incessant and well-directed fire into the enemy's tops, which did great execution. The Serapis continued to take a position under our stern or athwart the bow, and galled us in such a manner, that our men fell in all parts of the ship by scores. At this juncture, it became necessary on the part of our commander, to give some orders to extricate us from this scene of bloody carnage; for had it lasted half an hour longer, in all human probability, the enemy would have slain nearly all our officers and men, and we been obliged to strike our colors and yield to a superior force. Accordingly, Captain Jones ordered the sailing-master, a true-blooded Yankee, whose name was Stacy, to lay the enemy's ship on board; and as the Serapis soon after passed across our fore-foot, our helm was put hard a-weather, the main and mizen-topsails braced aback, were filled away, and a fresh flaw of wind swelling them at that instant, our ship shot quick ahead, and ran her jib-boom between the enemy's starboard mizzen-shrouds and mizzen-vang. Jones at the same time cried out, 'well done, my brave lads, we have got her now; throw on board the grappling-irons, and stand by for boarding.' This was done, and the enemy soon cut away the chains which were fixed to the grappling-irons; more were thrown on board, and often repeated. We now hauled the enemy's ship snug alongside ours, with the trailings to our grappling-irons; her jib-stay was cut away aloft, and fell upon our ship's poop, where Capt. Jones was at that time assisting Mr. Stacy in making fast the end of the enemy's jib-stay to our mizzen-mast. He here checked the sailing-master for swearing, by saying, 'Mr. Stacy, this is no time for swearing—you may be the next moment in eternity; but let us do our duty.' A strong current was now setting towards Scarborough; the wind ceased to blow, and the sea again became smooth as glass. By this time the enemy, finding they could not easily extricate themselves from us, let go one of their anchors, expecting that if they could cut us adrift, the current would set us away out of their reach, at least for some time. The action had now lasted about forty minutes, and the fire from our tops having been kept up without intermission, with musketry, blunderbusses, swivels, and pistols, directing into their tops; these last, at this time became silent, excepting one man in her fore-top, who would once in a while peep out from behind the head of their fore-mast, and fire upon us. As soon as I perceived this fellow, I ordered the marines in the main-top to reserve their next fire, and the moment they got sight of him, to level their pieces and fire, which they did, and we soon saw this skulking tar, or marine, fall out of the top upon the enemy's forecastle. Our ensign-staff was shot away, and both that and the thirteen stripes had fallen into the sea in the beginning of the action. This ought to have been mentioned before, but I had so many other circumstances to relate of more importance, and the succession was so quick, one close upon the heels of another, that I hope the reader will take this for an excuse. Both ships now lying head and stern, and so near each other, that our heaviest cannon amid-ships, as well as those of the enemy, could be of no use, as they could be neither spunged nor loaded. In this situation the enemy, to prevent, as they told us afterwards, our boarding *them*, leaped on board of our ship; and some of them had actually got upon the fore-part of our quarter-deck. Several were there killed, and the rest driven back on board their own ship, whither some of our men followed them, and were mostly killed. Several other attempts to board were made by both parties, in quick succession, in consequence of which many were slain upon the two ships' gangways, on both sides. We were now something more than a league E. by S. from a point of land called Flamborough Head, and in about ten or twelve fathoms water; and the reader may rest assured, that as the Serapis' anchor was at the bottom, and her crew not having leisure to weigh it, we remained here till the battle was at an end. At this time the enemy's fleet was discernible by the moonlight, in-shore of us, but we could not perceive any of our squadron except the Vengeance, and the small tender, which lay about half a league astern of us, neither of whom dared to come to our assistance. It had now got to be about 48 minutes since the action began, so near as I can judge, for we certainly had no time to keep glasses running, or to look at our watches. The enemy's tops being entirely silenced, the men in ours had nothing to do but direct their whole fire down upon his decks, which we did, and with so much success, that in about 35 minutes more we had cleared her quarter and main-decks, so that not a man on board the Serapis was to be seen. However, they still kept up a constant fire with four of their foremost bow-guns on the starboard side, viz. two eighteen-pounders upon her lower gun-deck, and two nine-pounders on her upper gun-deck. These last were mounted on her forecastle, under cover from our fire from the tops. Her cannon on the larboard side, upon the quarter-deck and forecastle, from the position of both ships, were rendered altogether useless. Her four guns which she could manage, annoyed us, however, very much, and did considerable damage.

"About this time, some of the enemy's light sails caught fire; this communicated itself to her rigging, and from thence to ours: thus were both ships on fire at the same time, and the firing ceased on both sides till it was extinguished by the contending parties, after which the action was renewed again. By the time this was done, the top-men in our tops had taken possession of the enemy's tops, which was done by reason of the Serapis' yards being locked together with ours, so that we could with ease go from our main-top into the enemy's fore-top; and soon from our fore-top into his main-top. Having a knowledge of this, we transported from our own into the enemy's tops, flasks, hand-grenades, &c., which we threw among them whenever they made their appearance. The battle had now continued about three hours, and as we in fact had possession of the Serapis' top, which commanded her quarter-deck, upper-deck, and forecastle, we were well assured that the enemy could not hold out much longer, and were momentarily expecting they would strike to us, when the following farcical piece was acted on board of our ship.

"It seems that a report was at this time circulated among our crew between decks, and was credited by them, that Captain Jones and all his principal officers were slain; that the gunners were now the commanders of the ship; that the ship had four or five feet of water in her hold; and that she was then sinking. The persons who reported this, advised, therefore, the gunner to go on deck, with the carpenter and master at arms, and beg of the enemy quarter, in order to save their lives. These three men being thus delegated, mounted the quarter-deck, and bawled out as loud as they could, 'quarter, quarter, for God's sake, quarter! our ship is sinking!' and immediately got upon the ship's poop with the view of hauling down the colors. Hearing this, in the top, I told my men that the enemy had struck, for I actually thought the voices of these men sounded as if on board the enemy; but in this I was soon undeceived. The three poltroons finding the ensign and ensign-staff gone, proceeded to the quarter-deck, and were in the act of hauling down our pendant, still bawling for 'quarter,' when I heard our commodore say, 'what rascals are those?—shoot them—kill them!' He was on the forecastle when these fellows first made their appearance upon the quarter-deck, where he had just discharged his pistols at some of the enemy. The carpenter and master at arms, hearing his voice, skulked below, and the gunner was attempting to do the same, when the commodore threw his pistols at his head, one of which knocked him down at the foot of the gangway, where he lay till the battle was over. Both ships now took fire again; and on board our ship it communicated to, and set fire to our main-top, which threw us into the greatest consternation imaginable for some time, and it was not without some exertion and difficulty that it was overcome. The water, which we had in a tub in the fore-top was expended without extinguishing the fire. We next had recourse to our clothes, pulling off our coats and jackets, and then throwing them on the fire, and tramping upon them, which, in a short time smothered it. Both crews were also now, as before, busily employed in stopping the progress of the flames, and the firing on both sides ceased. The enemy now demanded if we had struck, having heard the three poltroons halloo for quarter. 'If you have,' said they, 'why don't you haul down your pendant,' as they saw our ensign was gone. 'Ay, ay,' said Captain Jones, 'we'll do that when we can fight no longer—but we shall see yours come down first, for you must know, Yankees do not haul down their colors till they are fairly beaten.' The combat now commenced again with more fury if possible, than before, on the part of both, and continued for a few minutes, when the cry of fire was again heard on board both ships. The firing ceased again, and both crews were once more employed in extinguishing it. This was soon done, when the battle was renewed again with redoubled vigor, with what cannon we could manage, hand-grenades, &c., but principally towards the closing scene with lances and boarding-pikes. With these the combatants killed each other through the ship's port-holes, which were pretty large, and the guns that had been run out at them, having been rendered useless, as before observed, had been removed out of the way. At three quarters past 11, P. M. the Alliance frigate hove in sight, approached within pistol-shot of our stern, and began a heavy and well-directed fire into us, as well as the enemy, which made some of our officers, as well as men, believe she was a British man-of-war. The moon, as if ashamed to behold this bloody scene any longer, retired behind a dark cloud. It was in vain that some of our officers hailed her, and desired her not to fire again; it was in vain that they were told they were firing into the wrong vessel; it was in vain that they were told that they had killed a number of our men; it was in vain also they were told that the enemy was fairly beaten, and that he must strike his colors in a few minutes. The Alliance, I say, notwithstanding all this, kept a position either ahead of us, or under our stern, and made a great deal of havoc and confusion on board of our ship, nor did she cease firing entirely, till the signal of recognizance was displayed in full view on board of our ship; which was three lighted lanterns ranged in a horizontal line about fifteen feet high, upon the fore, main, and Mizen-shrouds on the larboard side. This was done in order, if possible, to undeceive the Alliance, and had the desired effect, the firing from her now ceasing. At thirty-five minutes past 12 at night, a single hand-grenade was thrown by one of our men out of the main-top of the enemy, with a design to disperse a number of the enemy, who were huddled together between the gun-decks. On its way it struck one side of the combings of her upper hatchway, and rebounding from that, took a direction, and fell between decks, where it communicated to a quantity of loose powder, scattered about the enemy's cannon. The hand-grenade bursting at the same time, made a dreadful explosion, and blew up about twenty of the enemy. This closed the scene; the enemy now in turn called out for quarter, but it was some time, however, before the colors were struck. The captain of the Serapis gave repeated orders for one of the crew to ascend the quarter-deck and haul down the English flag, but no one would stir to do it. They told the captain they were afraid of our riflemen, believing that all our men who had muskets were of that description. The captain of the Serapis, therefore ascended the quarter-deck himself, and hauled down the very flag which he had nailed to the flag-staff a little before the battle, with a determination, as he expressed it, of never striking it to that infamous pirate John Paul Jones. The enemy's flag being struck, Captain Jones ordered Richard Dale, his first lieutenant, to select out of the crew a number of men, and take possession of the prize, which was immediately put in execution.

"Thus ended this ever memorable battle, after a continuance of a few minutes more than four hours. The officers, headed by the captain of the Serapis, now came on board our ship. Captain Parsons inquired for Captain Jones, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Mase, our purser. The former accosted Captain Jones, in presenting his sword, in this manner—'It is with great reluctance I am obliged to resign my sword to a man, who may be [illegible] to fight with a *halter about his neck*.' Jones took [illegible] notice of this insult, but gallantly replied, 'Sir, you ha[illegible]ght like a hero, and I make no doubt, your sovereign [illegible] reward you for it in the most ample manner.'"

Such were the in[illegible] received by the Richard in this desperate battle, that [illegible] before she could reach her port.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION FOR SEP[illegible]BER.

MONEY MAKING;

Or, Success not always Happines

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The gods have heard with too indulgent ears."—*Juvenal.*

"What is the matter with you, Harry? When I parted with you yesterday, you were in high spirits, anticipating a delightful ride with your favorite friend, Helen Hazelhurst, and regarding every thing in life through a rose-colored medium. Scarcely twenty-four hours have elapsed, and I find you as grave and sad as a world-wearied sage; what new whim has seized you?"

"A single hour, Frank, may suffice for the developments of events which color one's whole future life."

"What a philosophic remark! pray how long is it since you turned moralist?"

"Moments often do the work of years, Frank. A sense of our duties and responsibilities, usually dawns slowly upon the soul, like the gradual unfolding of daylight to the eye of the sleeper, but sometimes it flashes suddenly and startlingly upon us, even as the lightning, which reveals his hazardous mountain-path to the benighted traveller."

"Upon my word, Harry, you soar an eagle's flight above my humble comprehension. What has happened to you since yesterday?"

"Much, Frank: enough, in fact, to change all my future plans in life."

"You speak in riddles, my good fellow."

"I am going to quit college, Frank."

"Quit College, Harry! you jest, surely."

"In sober truth, I have decided to relinquish my studies, and try my fortune in the world of traffic."

"Are you mad, Harry, to abandon such a career as lies before you in professional life? and, to come nearer to present prospects, how can you bear to withdraw from the scene of your scholastic labors, after three years of hard study, when the reward of your talents and industry is just within your grasp? You are not—you cannot be serious.

"I knew you would be surprised, Frank; but I have something else to tell you, which will astonish you still more. You know how long I have admired Helen Hazelhurst, and how greatly her intimacy with my sisters, has aided me in obtaining an accurate knowledge of her character. She is one of those sweet, gentle creatures, who, though unfitted to dazzle in society, cannot fail to inspire affection in the hearts of those who behold her in the domestic circle. I have long loved her earnestly and tenderly, but, scarcely conscious of the strength of my own feelings, I have never spoken to her on the subject until betrayed by circumstance, 'that unspiritual god.' Yesterday a large party, among whom were Helen and myself, set out to ride, and we were all as merry as youth and healthful excitement could make us. As we entered the woods, the rest of the gay troop were considerably in advance of us, and while they cantered along the main road, I caught the bridle of Helen's horse, and turned into a by-path which met the road some two miles beyond. I know not what impulse prompted me to the freak; it was a mere frolic, for I certainly had no idea of the consequences which were to result from it. Some how or other we seemed to grow less mirthful when we found ourselves alone in the green-wood. The sunset hour lent its softening influence to our feelings; we watched the beams of golden light which fell between the gnarled trunks of the old trees, tinging, here and there, a branch with its gorgeous hues, and throwing a rich glow upon the velvet-like turf, until we became silent and almost saddened by overpowering emotion. The quiet of the place, unbroken save by the trampling of our horses, or the whizzing of a bird above our heads—the loveliness of nature in her wildness, and the soft breath of the summer air, all contributed to subdue our hearts. At such a moment, mirth seemed sacrilege. Helen had never looked more beautiful; perhaps her conscious heart lent a deeper flush to her cheek, and a softer sparkle to her eye, for she seemed to grow more and more lovely, the longer I gazed upon her sweet face. I know not how it happened, Frank—I was excited—bewildered—but I remember that I gave vehement utterance to the emotions which oppressed me. Those words, which, when heart responds to heart, are never spoken in vain, were breathed into the ear of the agitated girl, and that hour witnessed our betrothal. I cannot describe to you the intoxicating happiness of that moment. It seemed to me a dream, and yet, as I clasped the hand of the gentle and confiding creature, I felt that it was indeed a blessed reality.

"Nothing could be more unpremeditated than this avowal, and, perhaps you will say, nothing could have been more indiscreet, but when you pass through a similar trial, Frank, you will better understand the force of the temptation. That hour decided my future destiny. I went forth a light-hearted boy, to whom life was, as yet, but a scene of enjoyment and preparation for future struggle: I returned laden with the responsibilities of manhood, for I had taken into my keeping the heart and happiness of a fellow being. I was happy, very happy, Frank—and yet, to you, as to a second conscience, I may disclose the after conflict of my heart. In the deep silence of night, when the voice of passion was stilled, and the language of wisdom made itself heard in my soul, I was conscious that I had committed a great error. What right had I, with my character, as yet, unformed by circumstances, my position in society, as yet, undefined, my fortunes uncertain, my education incomplete—what right had I to assume the voluntary guardianship of a young and innocent girl, whose ignorance of the world placed her entirely under my guidance? Years must elapse before I can claim the hand which she has plighted to me—years of toil for me—of patient suspense for her. My very love has taught me the selfishness of my conduct. In the weary watches of the past night, I have learned—what years are sometimes too short to teach—how fearful are the responsibilities of him who presumes to be his 'brother's keeper.'"

"You have committed an act of great indiscretion, Harry, it is true, but I cannot see any reason for such self-reproach; Helen is old enough to judge prudently for herself, and she is fully aware of your pecuniary circumstances."

"Yes, but Helen is one of the most unworldly creatures in existence; she has no idea of poverty or privation, no knowledge of the struggles which must be made by the young and poor American; she would marry me to-morrow if I were to express such a wish, because she relies implicitly upon my judgment, and I will not subject either her or myself to the miseries of a straitened fortune. I must find some short cut to the temple of Plutus—some rapid means of winning gold, and the pleasures of intellectual life must be relinquished for the pursuits of commerce."

"But why not complete your collegiate course before adopting any future vocation?"

"Because I should be obliged to sacrifice a whole year, Frank. No, if I must relinquish my hopes of fame—if I must leave to others the glorious chariot-race, while I wrestle and sweat in the dusty arena, let the strife begin at once."

"If Helen loves you, Harry, she will cheerfully submit to any delay which circumstances may demand, and even share your narrow means, if success should be denied."

"Never would I subject a wife to all the privations which must be the lot of poverty. When I remember the patient toil of my poor mother, her uncomplaining industry, her close economy, nay, the household drudgery to which she submitted during my childhood—when I remember the keen calculation of expense necessary in our little family, and the slavish attention to wearisome duties which my father was compelled to give in return for his early stipend, I feel that I would rather live and die, a lonely and isolated being, than subject those whom I love to such a life."

"Yet your mother was happy amid all her trials; happy in the affection of her husband—in the welfare of her children—in the consciousness of her own usefulness."

"True, because a woman will submit to every privation more cheerfully than she can to a dearth of affection, but the legacy of my miserly old uncle has materially added to her enjoyments in later life. No, Frank, had I kept watch and ward over my heart, I could have been content to scorn dame Fortune's favors, while my eye was fixed on the glittering wreath of Fame, but now all is changed. I love and am beloved—I have been selfish enough to win what I cannot wear, and I must be content to hide my jewel with my heart until I can show it to the world in a golden setting."

The wisdom of twenty years could offer no arguments sufficiently cogent to overcome the impulses of mistaken feeling. Frank Hargrave was silenced if not convinced, and, after many conversations with his friend, resigning all hope of Harry's future companionship, he applied himself with redoubled diligence to the studies which were, to him, the preparation for a professional career. The close of the summer vacation saw him returning to his collegiate duties with renewed zest, while his friend, Harry Eustace, had already devoted his energies to commerce, and, chained to a desk in the dingy office of one of our "merchant-princes," was fast acquiring the knowledge of business which is necessary to win a moderate degree of success. It was a weary change to the young aspirant for fortune's favor. Heretofore he had wandered in classic shades, until his soul became filled with images of beauty. To him, the labors of the intellect were as pastime, for he possessed the strength which could wield the powerful weapons of science, as well as the delicate perception which seize and enjoy the most minute charms in the moral and physical world. He was a poet, because, in youth, the language of enthusiasm is always poetry, and a scholar, because study has been the very element in which he lived. Now all such things were put aside. His books were laid by for ever, his verses were condemned to the flames, and Harry Eustace was [illegible]ly the active and useful clerk.

[illegible]elen Hazelhurst was all that Eustace had described [illegible] gentle, lovely, and loving creature, full of kindly [illegible] with [illegible] and innocent thoughts;—a being to be regarded of her [illegible] for the very weakness and helplessness of gay life, [illegible] character. Unfit for the glaring sunshine [illegible] tune, she was [illegible] able to bear the cold blasts of misfortune [illegible] a refuge from [illegible] rare exotic, which requires alike [illegible] its precious per[illegible], and a shelter from the heat, its culture. Her [illegible] repays the care bestowed upon which seldom [illegible] of that delicate character [illegible] plexion was so faintly tin[illegible] youth. Her pure com[illegible] so brilliant of hue, her [illegible] the rose, her lips were figure so exceedingly slender [illegible] white, and her eye of experience gazed on her [illegible] that the admiration; for of such creatures pity, as well as choose its most frequent victims. [illegible] consumption much of the vividness of life in her cha[illegible] was so sparkling eye, her elastic step, and her [illegible] her one forgot the frailty of her loveliness in its [illegible] that brightness. Her voice was one of unrivalled [illegible] its every tone was musical, and her song was like [illegible] warble of the forest bird. There was a frankness [illegible] in her manners, a joyousness in her looks, and a free grace in every gesture, which could only result from the overflowing happiness of an innocent heart. Her unworldliness of character seemed to shed an almost infantine charm around her, and inspired an involuntary respect for the purity which knows no evil, and suspects no guile. But such traits, lovely and feminine as they may be, are rarely combined with strength of mind. Helen was all that men seek in the idol of their earnest youth—all that woman might ever be, if she could be hedged round by defences on all sides, to guard her from disappointment and treachery and sorrow. But alas! in a world like this, where freshness of feeling, like the dew upon the flower, is exhaled in the very morning of life, or, if still retained, must be hidden from view, like the honey-drop in the blossom's perfumed chalice, something more is required of woman than mere gentleness and timid reliance. Without some latent strength of character, veiled by sweetness and tenderness, woman is but a plaything, a puppet to amuse the idle hour of listlessness, but utterly useless in the days of darkness and despondency.

"How beautiful it is to love with the *heart* and with the *mind*," exclaimed the gifted Madame de Stael; and only those who have felt the power of such a love, can fully appreciate the enthusiasm which prompted the remark. Helen Hazelhurst was not calculated to inspire such affection. She possessed all the qualities which are most lovely in childhood, or even in early maidenhood, but which, unless connected with some loftier traits are apt to degenerate into commonplace feelings in later life.

For two years Harry Eustace continued to fill the station which alone could afford a competent knowledge of his future profession. His days were devoted to business, his evenings to the society of Helen, and, as there were many kind gossips ready to spread abroad the tidings of their engagement, it was soon understood that she was to be left to the exclusive attentions of her lover. The error, so prevalent in society, which induces a girl, as soon as she becomes affianced, to seem utterly unapproachable to all others than her future husband—an error which tends to narrow her mind, and deprive her of one of the most effectual sources of intellectual improvement—was practised to its fullest extent in this case. Everybody knew that Helen was engaged, and therefore it became necessary for everybody to treat her in a manner differing as much from the familiarity which might be permitted if she were married, as from the attentive politeness which was her due previous to her betrothal. The young lover immersed in business from morning till night, felt no disposition to mingle in the gaieties of society, and Helen, happy in the few hours which she daily spent with him, cared little for the pleasures which had formerly attracted her. The life of both had become only a quiet round of monotonous duties and gentle affections, when an event occurred which disturbed the calmness of their feelings, just in time, perhaps, to prevent utter stagnation.

Eustace was not without friends who were both able and willing to assist him in his claims upon fortune; for it is the way of the world to cheer on a man in the pursuit of wealth, although many a stumbling-block would be thrown in his path if he were seeking the unreal gift of fame. An advantageous offer was made him, which seemed to offer him every prospect of success, but it involved the necessity of banishment from his native land. The agency of a factory, and certain facilities for private speculation, awaited him in China, while only the slow accumulations of industry and economy seemed promised him at home. True to his sense of honor and duty, Eustace referred the decision to Helen, and frankly stated all the advantages of a temporary separation, while he described the small chance which was now afforded him of rapid success. He meant not to influence her decision, but, in his attempt at impartial argument, he evinced so plainly his own wishes, that the timid and self-distrusting girl, accustomed to rely implicitly on his judgment, decided against herself. With tears, such as had never before dimmed her bright eyes, she conjured him to do whatever was most for his advantage, and Eustace, impressed with the belief that he should be thus enabled to claim his bride, decided to accept the proffered good. Full of hope, and exulting in the prospect of a speedy return, he repressed his own sorrowful emotions, and soothed the grief of the devoted Helen. His friend, Frank Hargrave, received the last grasp of his hand ere the ship gave her sails to the wind, and as he stood upon deck, straining his eyes to behold the faint outline of the companion of his early studies, while the remembrance of a gentle and tearful face rose before his mental vision, even the eager gold-seeker felt that wealth might be too dearly bought.

My tale is one of common life; there are no hair breadth escapes, no crushing reverses, no overwhelming vicissitudes to disturb the quiet course of human events. In a country like ours, where nearly one half of the members of every large family are induced to look abroad for fortune, these things are of such common occurrence, that perhaps I ought to apologize for offering so commonplace a subject to the attention of my gentle reader. We hear daily of young and enterprising men, abandoning the pleasures of home and friends, and, after years of toil, returning to their native land, prosperous, and, as it would seem, happy. But may I not be pardoned if I venture to lift the golden tissue which rests upon the heart, and show the price at which the rich vestment has been purchased?

Eustace devoted himself to business with a degree of zeal and perseverance that could not but command success. In the excitement of his daily duties, and the engrossing study of all that could tend to the accomplishment of his designs, he gradually lost much of his poignant regret. His whole soul became absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and his ideas of a competent fortune became so expanded, that the goal of his hopes seemed to float further on, the more rapidly he sped towards it. His letters to Helen were full of affection, and many a fantastic token of remembrance, carved with the wonderful skill of the singular people among whom he sojourned, came over the wide waste of waters, to cheer the lonely girl. But alas! it was with them as with all others:—

"The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits in desert isles that perish,
Or treasures buried in the deep."

Many a tender thought, many a gentle fancy, which, if uttered in the ear of affection, would have been as the sweet voice of an angel, softening the heart which life's cares were indurating, and cheering the bosom which solitude was gradually darkening, was necessarily lost in the distance which separated the lovers. Months elapsed between the writing and the reading of the precious letters which were like winged messengers of love across the trackless ocean. Gradually, imperceptibly, unconsciously, there was a change in the style of those letters. Still tender and affectionate, they had lost much of the romantic fervor of early youth. Eustace learned to mingle tidings of the strange world in which he lived, with the outpourings of that love that once overflowed the limits of a single epistle. He wrote calmly, quietly, tenderly as one might address the wife of his bosom, the partner of his cares as well as his joys; while poor Helen's letters were mere transcripts of her monotonous life and its paralysing effect upon her concentrated feelings. Shut up in the seclusion of domestic life, surrounded by persons, who, whatever might be their creed as to the "chief end of man," believed most religiously that the chief end of woman was to understand the mysteries of house-cleaning, manage servants, and make shirts, Helen made a merit of excluding all amusements, and devoting herself solely to those peculiarly feminine duties, which she had been led to consider paramount in a wife. Of the development of mind and character which enables a wife to contribute so much more largely to a husband's happiness, while it fits her still better for the minor duties of life, poor Helen was utterly ignorant. An adept in every variety of needle-work, thoroughly versed in every department of house-keeping, exhibiting the most elaborate skill in the labors of the *cuisine*, and a perfect model of economy and notability, she was considered by her family, a very pattern for good wives. And so she was, as far as such accomplishments go towards forming that most desirable of earthly blessings. But essential as those things are in a wife, there are other qualities quite as necessary to the attainment of that perfect unity of feeling which can alone secure domestic happiness. While the husband devotes his chief attention to active life, and the wife gives her time and thoughts to the thousand minute cares which make up the sum of household duties, there should be some spot of neutral ground where both may meet,—some green and shady nook, as remote from turmoil of the world of business, as it is from the monotonous hum of the ceaseless wheels which control the machinery of housekeeping. There should be other and loftier subjects of conversation between them than consultations about the next day's dinner or discussion about the last weekly bill. A woman's mind should be trained to those liberal views which enable her to understand and appreciate her husband's pursuits, even when she does not seek to share them. The field of intellect should not be suffered to lie fallow;—if the soil be thin and poor it will at least yield a growth of fragrant flowers to charm the weary eye; and if it be capable of producing not only the perishing blossom, but also the rich fruits of wisdom, how greatly is the happiness as well as the usefulness of both increased. Helen had no such ideas, however. For her, life had but one aim and but one hope; by close attention to womanly duties she was accomplishing the first, and the return of her lover would fulfil the second.

Year after year elapsed, and still Eustace was accumulating wealth. Avarice is like jealousy, "it grows by what it feeds on." How could he feel he had enough when every season was adding to his hoard? How desist from gathering the golden fruitage which fell at his very feet! Twelve years of unremitting labor had made him the possessor of an enormous fortune, and at length he became wearied even to satiety, ere he determined to seek his native land. In the course of his preparations for his return, many early associations were reviewed, old friends were remembered with something like former affection, and tokens of regard were carefully treasured up, to be presented to many an early associate whose image had nearly faded from his recollection. His wealth was gradually transferred to America, and converting the overplus of his immense investments, into silver plate, which was doubled in value by the delicate and skilful workmanship of the Chinese, Eustace embarked for America.

* * * * * *

Late one afternoon, about a month after his arrival [illegible]
New York, Eustace was seated alone in his apart[illegible]
Wealth can accomplish wonders, and the rich [illegible]
was already installed in a splendidly furni[illegible]ments,
which only wanted a mistress to perfect its [illegible]nificent.
Every thing around him was costly [illegible]-like carpets
The looms of Persia had furnished the [illegible]—the delicate
in which the foot buried itself at every [illegible]ments,—the ex-
tissues of India shaded the open [illegible]pire lay like jewels
quisite embroidery of the Celestia[illegible] each luxurious
on each cushioned chair or [illegible] might have derived
couch into a bed of flowers [illegible] of silver filligree stand in
even Nature's self. Tall [illegible] strange and delicious per-
the corners, filled with [illegible] odor through the apartments,
fume and diffusing [illegible] bloomed in those delicate jars to
—plants of rare b[illegible] her own ancient name,—nonde-
which china [illegible]ver and gold, and precious porcelain,
script images [illegible] as a fairy chalice, and worth a prince's
—cups as [illegible] fragile beauty,—were gathered in rich
mansio[illegible] those orientalized apartments, while Chinese
profus[illegible] clad in silk, and wearing slippers of the softest
[illegible] noiselessly about, like shadows in a dream.
[illegible] Eustace sat amid all this splendor, in silence and, as
[illegible] seemed in sadness. A cloud was upon his brow, and
the unquiet drooping of his eyelid told of many a melancholy thought.

Suddenly the door opened, and a pale, intellectual looking man, with the stooping shoulders and slender figure of an habitual student entered the room. He paused a moment at the threshold, and the next instant the hands of both were interlocked in the warm grasp of unforgotten friendship. "Frank!" "Harry!" burst spontaneously from the lips of each, and a tear, welling up from the depths of a noble heart moistened the eyes of both.

"I have been all impatience to see you since I first heard of your arrival, Harry," said Hargrave, "but I could not get away from business; and as I should have been ruined in the opinion of my matter-of-fact neighbors, had I come to New York only to see an old friend, I was glad to trump up some old and neglected concern as an excuse."

"Do you still live in the little village, Frank, where you took up your abode soon after completing your law-studies?"

"The *little* village! bless your heart, Harry, nothing remains little in this country; our village is now an incorporated city, and I have the honor to be its chief magistrate. Ha! ha! only think of Frank Hargrave, the mayor—"

"And you are married too, Frank!"

"Yes, I have one of the best of wives, and two as pretty and promising little ones as one could wish to see."

"Then I suppose you have made a fortune too?"

"No, no, Harry, fortunes do not grow here as fast as they do in tropical countries. I own a farm whose produce suffices for the support of my family, and my profession brings me an income of from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars per annum. I do not count my salary as mayor, for that is all consumed in the extra expenses attendant upon the office,—the honor, the honor, Hal,—is all that political rank affords in an economical republic. I am enabled to lay aside something every year towards the support of my old age, but riches I never expect to obtain. My whole estate would scarcely pay for such a thing as that," and Hargrave pointed as he spoke to the superb silver table which stood beside his friend, strewed with costly Indian toys.

"You have come just in time, Frank," said Eustace, after a pause, "this is my wedding day,—I am to be married this evening."

"Ah, I am truly glad of it: poor Helen! she has waited long for you, Harry; her youth and beauty have faded, and yet, now that I look more closely at you, she is not more changed than yourself. What a bronzed and weather-beaten face you have brought back; you are, more than half a China-man."

Eustace sighed heavily.

"Nay, do not sigh about it, Harry. I dare say you are as handsome as ever in the eyes of Helen."

"Poor, poor Helen!" said Eustace, despondingly.

"Rather say *rich* Helen," cried Frank, gaily, "why, man, you have more gold and silver in this very room than we Yankees are accustomed to handle in a lifetime."

"Yet would I give all my hard-earned wealth, Frank, for the gifts which you possess."

"What are they, pray?"

"Your freshness of feeling, the earnestness of purpose, the enthusiasm of character which makes you still as ardent as a boy, while I am a care-worn and world-weary man."

"What do you mean, Harry? You have realised every hope,—you have gained a princely fortune, and are now upon the point of wedding the object of your first love;—what more can be wanting to your happiness?"

"*The capacity for enjoyment, without which all else is valueless.* I have wasted my glad youth in toil, thankless, unshared toil,—I have denied myself the enjoyments of social life,—shut up my better feelings within my own bosom,—made even love my slave, rather than my master, and by the force of an indomitable will have won all that I fancied necessary to happiness. But I forgot to calculate the changes of years and circumstances. I did not think that the rolling wheels of time which were scattering golden sands as they flashed past me in my foreign abode, were crushing the simple flowers of life which bloomed in my native woodland home. I return to claim my bright and beautiful Helen, and I find but a spectre of the past,—a pale, spiritless sad-eyed creature, whose every feeling is centred in a blind devotion to me,—whose mind is as child-like as in the days of her girlish beauty and simplicity, while her person is blighted by premature age,—whose very guilelessness, so lovely in her extreme youth now wears the semblance of weakness,—whose only charm now consists in her undying love. Alas! alas! the perfume of the faded rose alone remains, and my future life must be spent in a vain attempt to cherish the perishing flower."

"Good Heavens! Eustace, with such feelings why do you marry Helen?"

"Why do I marry? Can you ask such a question, Frank? should I not be a monster if I hesitated when the path of duty is so plain? Who condemned her young years to the blight of loneliness and hope deferred? For whose sake was the sweetness of that fair flower wasted? While she lives she shall be watched over with all the tenderness of remorseful love, but she will die, Frank,—even now the seeds of disease are sown, and I know that she will die;—yet instead of being agonized at the very thought of such a catastrophe, I can talk of it calmly, and without one thrill of the anguish which in earlier days would have rent my very heart-strings. Am I not then changed? I tell you, man, my *capacities for love and happiness are dead within me*. Even as they who delve the mine lose their physical vigor and become old ere they reach their prime, so have my feelings become blighted and blasted by the poisonous atmosphere of gold. My locks are still unbleached, but *my heart is grey*. The necessity of loving no longer exists;—I am past all enjoyment of heart and mind. The excitement of money-making, like that of gambling, unfits the mind for quiet pleasures; my books, to which I thought I should return with new zest, are utterly distasteful to me,—I can never again be the abstracted and imaginative student. My early love, which in all my wanderings was like the star of hope, now gleams dimly and faintly through the mists of years,—I can be the kind husband but never again the passionate lover. To exhibit my wealth to admiring and envious eyes,—to live amid luxuries which I despise, although habit has made them necessary to my comfort,—to watch with regretful tenderness over the fading away of the only creature who loves me, while remorse is ever in my heart, because of my own inert affections,—such is my future destiny. You pity me, Frank,—oh! may you never know the pang of *self pity*,—the compassion for one's own self, which now stirs within my bosom when I behold around me so many means of enjoyment, and feel myself so incapable of appreciating them. I have made gold my idol, and verily I have my reward."

"You judge too hastily of yourself, Harry; had you remained at home the same changes might have occurred in Helen, and the same length of time might have elapsed ere you could marry."

"No, no, Frank, I cannot deceive myself with any such sophistry. Had I been here to watch over her failing health, to guide her gentle mind, to develope her latent qualities, to assimilate her to myself,—we should now be happy, for I should never then have learned how unsuited were our characters. Do you remember the story of the blind man who had been accustomed to consider his wife beautiful, because her voice was one of extreme sweetness, and who, when restored to sight felt more grief at the loss of that dear delusion, than joy at the acquisition of all the other blessings of light? Such is my fate; my love has been like the lamp enclosed in an antique sepulchre, burning clear and undimmed while shut up within my own bosom, but dying out into a feeble glimmer beneath the glare of open day."

Rarely do the predictions of sorrow fail. Helen became the bride of the wealthy and honored merchant, while not one shadow of distrust rested upon the pure current of her faithful affection. Throned like an idol amid the countless luxuries which a lavish tenderness gathered around her, she was happy in her undoubting faith, happy in her husband's gentle care, happy in the realization of her life-long dream of hope. Yet the forebodings of Eustace were fulfilled. Consumption had set its mark upon her, and gradually did she fade from the sight of those who loved her. She lived long enough to awaken a degree of pitying tenderness in the bosom of her husband, which was in fact love, but love with all its griefs and none of its delights. And then,—when his very watchfulness over her welfare had become a *necessity* to the morbid and disappointed Eustace,—she closed her blameless life in quiet happiness.

"She has left me," he wrote to his friend, Hargrave,—"she has left me; I am now a lonely and unloved being,—solitary amid my fellows, without either joy or hope in the world. My wealth is a positive curse to me, since it removes from me the necessity of exertion, which could alone divert my incurable melancholy. We are like the brothers in the beautiful Eastern Apologue, Frank; I have wasted the best years of my life in a vain search after the phantom Peace, while you have found the gentle goddess seated at your threshold. God grant that she may ever abide with you."

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LAST DAY OF CONGRESS.

We [illegible] up our Congressional News last week to Tuesday inclusive, the day preceding the adjournment of Congress. The last day of the session was by no means distinguished for dignity. In the House, Mr. Wise made an unsuccessful effort to have the protest of the President inserted on the Journal. During the morning the speaker signed several enrolled bills, among them the one to re-organize the Navy. A bill was passed in Committee, and by the House, for the execution of the Wyandotte Treaty. The House struck out the amendment in reference to the Sioux and others, and retained the appropriation for the deficiency in the expenditures of the Judiciary. This bill was immediately returned to the Senate and the amendments concurred in. The amendments to the Fortification Bill were agreed to in Committee and the House of Representatives, with one exception, and the Senate immediately receded. Both bills were therefore signed immediately by the presiding officers, and probably by the President. A bill to allow Drawbacks on goods exported to Santa Fe and Chihuahua was also passed and signed. Some other bills were passed, when the House was brought to a stand for the want of a quorum. The last hour of the session was one of a good deal of confusion and excitement owing to the want of a quorum of members. The last bill signed was an appropriation bill for the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia. A bill was also passed paying the Mexican legation for expenses incurred in liberating the Santa Fe prisoners.

The scene that now ensued we shall quote in the words of one of the reporters.

"Mr. Cushing gave notice that he would at an early period in the next session ask leave to introduce a bill to amend the several acts establishing the Treasury Department.

Mr. Thomas F. Marshall gave notice that he would oppose it. (Laughter.)

State Debts.—Mr. W. Cost Johnson gave notice that he would at an early period of the next session ask leave to introduce his bill in relation to the State Debts. (Renewed laughter.)

Retrenchment.—Mr. Arnold gave notice that he would ask leave to introduce his bill No. 548. (Shouts of laughter.)

Mr. McKennan. And I give notice that I shall oppose it. (Reiterated roars of laughter.)

Mr. Cushing now re-entered the Hall, and, in behalf of the joint committee appointed to wait on the President, informed them he had no further communication to make to Congress.

A voice. "Is that all?" "No good wishes?"

Mr. Randolph moved that the House adjourn. But, by general consent, the usual resolution was adopted, informing the Senate that the House had concluded its business, and was ready to close the present session of Congress.

Mr. Proffit inquired of the Speaker if it would now be in order, by general consent, to pass the resolution (as to the officers.)

The Speaker said no.

Mr. Weller inquired of the Speaker *if it would be in order to sing a song?*

The Speaker said it was for the House to determine. But the Speaker supposed if the gentleman was desirous to show what he could do in that line, the House would listen to him with much gratification. (Roars of laughter.)

A voice. 'Oh! take your time, Miss Lucy.'"

This, for a dignified body of legislators, is contemptible, and we are assured that the people will say so. Mirth is well enough in its place, but that place is not the House of Representatives. The plain thinking members of the community are becoming disgusted with the folly, blackguardism and debauchery of men in high places, and the time is not far distant when this feeling will find an expression at the polls. May that day speedily come. The virtue of the republic will then resume its sway, faction will be scourged back to its native den, and representatives will ask whether a measure is for the good of the country, and not, as they do now, whether it is for the benefit of their party.

There was no further business of note transacted. At half past one a call of the House was ordered, when one hundred and twenty-four members answered to their names. The usual resolutions of official courtesy between the President and House were passed; and at two o'clock Congress adjourned to meet, according to the Constitution, on the first Monday of December next. The exact length of the session was nine calendar months, wanting five days.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

At the late meeting in Manchester of the British Association, the following singular facts were communicated by Professor Bessel, said to have been discovered by Professor Moser, of Konigsburg:—"A black plate, either of horn or agate, &c., placed below a polished surface of silver, at a distance of one-twentieth of an inch, and remaining there for ten minutes, the latter receives an impression of figures, &c., engraved on the former, which may be rendered visible by exposing the silver plate to vapor, either of water or of mercury, &c. The image made by the camera obscura may be projected on any surface whatever (glass, silver, a smooth cover of a book, &c.) without any previous preparation; and these will produce effects of the same kind as those observed on a silver plate covered with iodine. Vapors of *different* substances are of *equal* effect, (without pretending that the effect will always be permanent.) The wonderful secret and silent operation takes place at midnight as well as at mid-day, in the dark as well as in light. There, on the silver surface, is the picture, to be called into sight by a breath. Can this be photography? The image is of the same character and as perfect as that of the early daguerrotype; but it is produced as well in the absence of light, and therefore Sir W. Hamilton suggested facetiously, as a distinction, that it be termed scotography. But Sir J. Herschel asked, might it not be thermography? He had obtained impressions at the heating end of the spectrum beyond the extreme red ray!"

INSULT TO THE PRESIDENT.

At the dinner given to Lord Ashburton in New York last week, a most wanton insult was offered to the Executive of this nation, in his official capacity. The insult consisted in receiving the health of the Executive in silence, while that of Queen Victoria immediately afterward was cheered. The first toast proposed was "The President of the United States." On all such public occasions it is usual to cheer this toast, it being the duty of the Vice Presidents to time the huzzas. But when the toast was announced at the Ashburton dinner the first Vice President kept his seat, aggravating the offence by repeating the sentiment in a contemptuous manner. The second Vice President did the same; but the third Vice President was more respectful in his tone at least. None of them, however, proposed the usual honors, though Lord John Hay and the other officers of the Warspite, at the annunciation of the sentiment, sprang to their feet to respond, only resuming their seats when they found, with astonishment, that the officers of the meeting did not intend to greet the toast with the usual cheers. To mark the contrast, when the next toast, "The Queen of England" was proposed, the Vice Presidents sprang to their feet and called out for three cheers, which were immediately given. The insult was so marked, however, that one individual refused to stay in the room, while the officers of the Warspite, one and all, expressed their surprise at the conduct of the Vice Presidents.

We notice this insult to speak of it in terms of the strongest condemnation. There can be no excuse for the conduct of the diners. Whatever may have been the sentiments of the meeting respecting the politics of John Tyler, they were bound to treat the first officer of this nation with respect. It was not in the capacity of a man, it was not even in the capacity of the officer, but it was as the head of the first republic in the world that the President's health was proposed. This is always understood, and even his most violent political opponents propose the health of the acting Executive in this way. The men who cheered so lustily at the name of Victoria no more committed themselves to a monarchical government by so doing, than they would have committed themselves to John Tyler's course of policy by greeting the first toast with applause. If they refused to cheer the President because they disliked his politics, we are justified in assuming that they huzzaed for Victoria because they approved her corn-laws, her expenses, and all the crimes and follies of her government. Never have we had to record so glaring an instance of what faction will goad men to do. For the honor of our country we hope this will be the last example of such a want of American feeling.

The insult was the more wanton on account of the peculiar character of the meeting. It was no common occasion chosen for this exhibition of petty spleen. The party had assembled to entertain a high ambassador of England, to rejoice over the peaceable adjustment of the difficulties between his country and our own. The dinner was not destined, like such festive occasions usually are, to die away and be forgotten; but it would no doubt be commented on, and all its proceedings become matter of remark, in England, and perhaps throughout Europe. The occasion was one, therefore, when any mark of disrespect to the President would be especially notorious, and therefore it was chosen as the proper time to insult him, and this insult was perpetrated in the presence of Lord Ashburton and the officers of the Warspite. Could a more wanton outrage have been committed? In the name of our country shall these things be?

We have spoken freely, because we think patriotically. With neither John Tyler, Henry Clay, nor Martin Van Buren have we any thing to do *personally*; but we will protect the first against any insult offered to him as President, just as we will protect the others if ever they should reach that high office.

It is proper to state that meetings, without distinction of party, have been held in New York, stigmatizing this procedure as it deserves. It is proper also to state that the officers of the dinner were composed of both Whigs and Democrats, and that two of these officers have published a card, in which they disclaim any intention to insult the President. We hope that all concerned may be able to exonerate themselves.

PENNSYLVANIA FINANCES.

Our Pennsylvania readers—and we may reasonably say that they exceed those of any other newspaper—will remember the unflinching zeal with which we have advocated a timely provision for the prompt payment of the interest, and the gradual liquidation of the State debt. We have always said that while English legislation was by no means fit, in all cases, to be an example to this country, yet that, in the practice of setting aside a permanent fund to pay the interest on every new loan, the British parliament evinced far more justice than has hitherto been displayed by our republican legislatures. The time has come when our views are adopted, and when every citizen feels the necessity of action. Good old Pennsylvania will never listen to repudiation. She must, therefore, adopt speedy means to place herself in an honorable position with respect to her creditors. We must appropriate all the means in the hands of the State to reduce our debt. That the amount of this indebtedness may be understood, we quote a statement made by Col. McCahen, a member of the late Legislature. We also, from the same source, give a survey of the State assets. The debt may be thus stated:

Permanent Loans at 4½ per cent. interest,	$200,000 00
Permanent Loans at 5 per cent.,	32,644,356 00
Do. 6 do.	1,730,000 00
Relief Notes in circulation and Stock for such amount as has been cancelled, not exceeding in all	2,100,000 00
Temporary Loan at 4 per cent. interest,	200,000 00
Domestic Creditors for labor, materials and repairs, &c., upon finished and unfinished lines of our public works, estimated	1,600,000 00
B Interest due upon the first day of August, and to Domestic Creditors not paid (est.)	910,000 00
A Borrowed of the Banks under the requisition of the Governor, January, 1842, about	200,000 00
	39,584,356 00
The amount of Surplus Revenue received from the United States (will probably never be demanded.)	2,867,514 78

The Assets of the Commonwealth consist of her Public Works, which cost about	30,000,000 00	
Canal Railroad and Navigation Stock of the Commonwealth,	1,182,325 00	
Bank Stock cost at par	2,108,700 00	
Turnpike and Br'g. St'k.,	2,843,048 00	
Monies due upon Public Lands, estimated at	1,100,000 00	
		37,234,173 00

According to this statement the assets of the Commonwealth, exclusive of the public works, amount to $7,000,000. If then the State improvements could be sold for $20,000,000, that sum, together with the above assets, would reduce the debt to $15,000,000—the interest of which, at six per cent, would amount to $900,000. This sum could be raised by taxation, and all the expenses of government met, without proving onerous to the people. It appears to us to be the most feasible plan to restore the State to her old and honorable position, as a commonwealth faithful to all her engagements. If, however, a better plan can be suggested, let it be brought forward. Already the Secretary of the Commonwealth has advertised for proposals for the sale of the public works.

Col. McCahen has added to the estimate of the debt, an estimate of the revenue and expenditures of 1842 and 1843. We think the estimate too sanguine, but give it in his own way.

	1842.	1843.
Estimated Revenue for	3,159,932 24	8,012,400 00
Estimated Expenditures,	2,231,500 00	3,159,500 00
Surplus,	$928,432 24	$4,852,900 00

Total Debt as stated,	39,584,356 00
Deduct surplus of 1842,	928,432 24
	38,655,923 76
Deduct surplus of 1843,	4,852,900 00
	33,803,023 76

Balance of Debt estimated to be due upon the 30th of November, 1843.

We fancy that there is more hope than reality in this table. How the revenue of 1843 can be raised to $8,000,000, cannot be made satisfactory to us, even by the Colonel's figures although we have no doubt he thinks as he has written. On this subject we cannot avoid quoting Bicknell's Reporter, a good authority, at least on matters of finance. That paper, according to Col. McCahen's estimate, says "It is the easiest thing in the world to impose taxes, but quite another affair to collect them. Thus in order to make good the results, he estimates the receipts from motive power, canal and rail road tolls in 1842, at $875,000, and in 1842, at $1,150,000. He also puts the tax on real and personal estate for 1842, at $650,000, and for 1843, at $1,300,000. He also sells the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, and credits the amount to the revenue of 1843, $1,300,000. These are but a few of the items, and show the extravagance of the whole affair. To suppose that the state revenue for 1843, will amount to more than $8,000,000, while the expenditures will amount to little more than $3,000,000, is to suppose an absurdity. The Colonel no doubt means well, and we give him credit for his motives; but we feel satisfied that unless the State Debt should be greatly reduced by the sale of the public works, and the stocks held by the Commonwealth, that it will be impossible to collect enough by taxation and the ordinary means of revenue, to hold out even a hope of bettering our financial condition."—We fear there is too much truth in this, and that, like a reforming spendthrift, the commonwealth must sell half her estate, to enable her to retain the rest. Indeed, if ever wisdom was needed in our councils, it will be needed at the ensuing session of our legislature.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

The provisions of the new tariff law in regard to books printed in foreign countries will prove highly advantageous to the literary interests of the United States, and, in some measure, atone for the absence of a copy-right law, unless the sale of English editions here is prevented by the cheaper pirated reprints of France and Belgium. We observe with regret that there is imposed a high duty on *engravings*, which will in a great degree prevent their importation, and, instead of promoting the interests of engravers among us, have a tendency to retard very much the progress of all the elegant arts. The duty on books has always been been a mere useless incumbrance on literature, with no compensating benefit to any class whatever. It did not act formerly as a protection to American republishers; it added very little to the revenue to the country. It was an irksome, odious *tax on knowledge*, prohibiting, to a great extent, the importation of the most valuable books of science, art and history. In some cases the duty on a set of books was more than the original cost in London. From an article in the New York "Union," we learn that the old tariff imposed on all books published prior to 1775, a duty of four cents a volume, on all subsequent to that date twenty-six cents a pound, in sheets or boards, and thirty cents in leather; and, that latterly a duty has been charged upon all, of twenty-five per cent. ad valorem, estimating on the invoice the pound sterling at six dollars. This was no protection to the republication of the fashionable popular literature of the day, for the difference of price was already too great. A novel, for instance, that cost in London $7 87, was reprinted here for a sum varying from a shilling to a dollar and a half, and it was very evident that if the duty were removed entirely there would still be none of this class of books imported. Ponderous scientific books, sets of magazines and reviews, and a very large class of historical books, including the reprints of old books published after the author of Waverly and others had given an impulse to antiquarian investigations, were all excluded from the libraries of scholars. Now, the matter stands thus: a sliding scale is substituted for the fixed period of 1775, and all books published forty years prior to the date of importation pay a duty of five cents per volume. This for the present year brings the date down to the establishment of the Edinburgh Review—every year hereafter will make the privilege more valuable, as it follows the rapid growth of the publishing trade. For books published in England within the period of forty years, the highest duty that can be charged is thirty cents per pound on bound books and twenty cents per pound in sheets or boards, and can only be charged on English books that have been published abroad within five years; those between five years and forty pay one half the above rates. And moreover, to extend the benefit still farther, if a book has been published more than one year and has not been reprinted in this country in that time, it only pays one half of the duty. This is a great advance on the old system and we trust preparatory in the next revision of the tariff to an abolition of the duty altogether; for the same reasons that govern its reduction, hold good for getting rid of it entirely.

Although by this law we shall be very greatly benefited, the English authors will reap no advantage, from a circumstance to which we have already alluded. The Paris pirated editions of English works can now be sold here very cheaply, and doubtless many historical and other valuable books will be reprinted in France for the American market. Books in the French language are to pay a duty of five cents a volume and fifteen cents a pound when in sheets. All reports of legislative committees, under foreign governments, five cents a volume. A clause in the act admits "polyglots, lexicons and dictionaries" at five cents a volume. The word dictionary ought to have been defined. Does it include McCulloch's dictionaries of commerce, agriculture, &c.? If so it ought to include the Penny Cyclopedia or the Britannia. It surely must be so intended, for its popular signification is covered by the word lexicon.

THE COMING WINTER.

We alluded, a few weeks since, to the suffering which the coming winter would produce among the poor; for the want of work during the summer has naturally prevented hundreds of the honest and industrious from laying up store for the winter. Our attention is again called to the subject, by an article from the editor of the United States Gazette, which is so much to the purpose, that we quote it entire. Our brother Chandler says: "We have before us a winter of discontents and difficulties. The industrious mechanic, and the hard-handed laborer, have had but little employment this summer, and consequently have earned little or no money, and achieved but little credit, with which to take themselves and family through a hard winter. The vast number of widows, who toil on day by day, from early spring to late in autumn, to sustain their dependent children, and lay up a little for the rigors of winter, are now to be without their savings, and to meet December with an empty purse. What are these to do, when winter comes, 'with all its cheerless train?' There must be, of course, great economy and great charity, both together.—Those who give, (and in Philadelphia there are blessed hearts, open as day to melting charity,) must give with greater stint—must make another division of their offering, so that they may do good to as many as possible. We are not certain, but we might say, that some who mean to give, must make their charity more meritorious, by denying themselves some accustomed delicacy, that they may impart to the wants of the necessitous. We must also be careful to make our gifts *charity*, by a little closer investigation into the circumstances of the solicitor. *Almsgiving* is not merely responding to the call, with money—it is discriminating charity, the gift proportional to the wants of the sufferer, with a regard, also, to the ability of the donor. The distress that is likely to come upon the poor, will be augmented by the increased number of the necessitous—those who have stood up firmly until now, and who will resist exposure to the last moment, and then only make known their wants, when wife and children suffer, must be helped; or the widow, proud of a husband's name, will shelter herself in her cheerless *room*, denied warmth, steep her crust with her tears, and avoid inquiry, until sickness results from privation, and exposure becomes necessary. These, then, are to characterize the *wants* of the poor the coming winter." Who can listen to such an appeal, without having all the powers of humanity and brotherhood with their race, aroused—without resolving to bestow freely of their substance to the necessitous, remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The Salem Mercury gives an account of a remarkable case of mutiny and murder at sea, derived from the master of the ship Sumatra, which arrived at Batavia from the United States on the 8th of May last. The captain of the Sumatra states that on the 21st of April, off Java head, he saw a vessel in distress, ran down, and discovered it to be the British bark Kilmers, of Glasgow, and to his astonishment, the only person he saw on board was a female, who appeared frantic with despair. He sent a boat and took her on board the Sumatra. She was eighteen years of age, the wife of Capt. Smith of the bark. She stated that the Kilmers left Batavia two months before for Europe; that soon after leaving, the crew mutinied, and came near killing her husband and herself; the captain finally succeeded in securing them below in different parts of the ship, and endeavored with only two boys to assist him to work it back to Batavia, and that on the morning previous to her meeting them she missed her husband and the boys. She thought that a part of the crew in the night had freed themselves, thrown them overboard, and taken the boat and pulled for the land. After she came on board the Sumatra, the captain by means of his glasses, discovered the crew crawling from the hatches and liberating each other. He soon left them behind, and landed the lady at Batavia.

DEMORALIZING PRINTS.

We notice with pleasure that one of the sections of of the new tariff bill prohibits the importation of indecent pictures of every description. Every invoice or package of which obscene, and gross prints, paintings, lithographs, engravings or transparencies constitute a part, is declared to be liable to be proceeded against, seized, and forfeited, by due course of law, and the said articles to be forthwith destroyed. This is very proper, but we regret that it was confined to the articles enumerated; it should have applied to any and every subject of an improper or indecent character—and we hope to see it so amended. There are many indecent articles which would probably pass, as not coming under the denomination of prints or paintings.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A miraculous escape from death occured in Baltimore on Monday. A boy named G. W. Reynolds, a son of Mr. Green Reynolds, was amusing himself at a window, the sill of which was little more than eight inches from the floor. The little fellow lost his equilibrium and pitched out head foremost. He had an uninterrupted fall to the pavement below, of ninety-one feet and a half, by measurement. By a singular providence, instead of striking the pavement, he fell into the open space left round the cellar window just large enough to admit him. At the bottom of this space there was a quantity of soft loose mould, which doubtless saved him from being crushed to pieces. He then rolled through the window, which was open, into the cellar, a distance of eight or ten feet more. He was taken up without signs of life, but soon revived. Doctor Rich was called, who, upon examination, found no bones broken or any external wounds of consequence, but he entertains strong fears of so great internal injury as to make recovery a matter of much doubt. The chest and right side are seats of great pain, and indeed the sufferer cannot be moved unless manifesting signs of the utmost agony.

COLLISION ON THE LAKES.

A serious accident occurred, on the night of the 31st ult., on Lake Erie. The schooner Emily ran into the schooner Acorn, Capt. Cobb, bound from Buffalo to Chicago, with passengers and merchandise, and so serious was the collision, that the latter sunk in fifteen minutes in ten fathoms water, the crew and passengers escaping with nothing but the clothing on their backs. One young man, an Englishman, just arrived in this country, missing, whether carried down with the vessel, or lost by jumping overboard, not known to the survivors. The passengers, some 45 in number, were in their berths below, and not a moment was lost in transferring the men, women and children, in their night clothes, on board the Emily. This was barely accomplished, when the vessels parted from each other and the Acorn went down. The passengers were emigrants. Three of the families were Americans, and two English. One man saved his money by means of a belt on his person—the rest lost all. Some $4000 in gold, it is stated, was lost. Vessels cannot be too careful in carrying lights, and endeavoring, by every other means, to avoid a collision.

EASTON ENCAMPMENT.

The encampment of volunteers at Easton, which begun on Tuesday of last week, and was broken up on the following Friday, was attended with universal success. Not that the attendance was very large, for at no time were there more than a thousand troops present; but the ground being well selected, and the military well drilled, every thing passed off in the most spirited and gratifying manner. Brigadier General Cadwalader, who commanded the encampment, won praise alike from the visitors and soldiers. The General, though a young man, has long enjoyed the reputation of being a fine tactician, and this reputation has been doubled by the events at the Easton encampment. Gen. Cadwalader was attended by Col. C. G. Childs as Brigade Major, and Major John Miles as aid-de-camp; while Col. Kenderton Smith and Col. Jas. Page acted as the commanders of the two regiments on the ground. As usual there were crowds of spectators, while fiddling, gambling, and frolicking were to be found on the outskirts of the camp. The Philadelphia detachment reached home on Saturday afternoon.

RHODE ISLAND.

The requisition made by Gov. King, of Rhode Island, on Gov. Hubbard, of New Hampshire, for the surrender of Gov. Dorr, now residing in this latter state, was answered by a letter from Gov. Hubbard, addressed to Gov. King, as *acting* governor of Rhode Island. Gov. King would not take the letter from the post office. The epistle, however, has been subsequently published in Boston, as also the letter of refusal under like circumstances of Gov. Cleveland, of Connecticut. Both governors take the ground that the provisions in the Constitution of the United States in regard to requisitions, does not embrace *political offences* committed in other States. The governors only differ in this respect, that Governor Cleveland does not take upon himself to decide who is the lawful governor of Rhode Island, while Gov. Hubbard declares in effect that Mr. King is the usurper.

EDWARDS IN IRONS.

The notorious Col. Monroe Edwards has been put in irons. The cause was as follows:—On Sunday morning, Mr. Deputy-keeper Homan, on examining the basket which contained the meal of Col. Edwards, the expert financier and forger, discovered a small box, neatly enveloped with blue paper, and containing as a label, "Violet Tooth Powder." He bored a hole into the side, and out came a quantity of double refined, glazed pistol powder, that no doubt was to be conveyed to him for a desperate purpose. He was immediately questioned concerning it, but denied all knowledge. The Colonel was then put in irons. How have the mighty fallen!

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

Great Britain—The East—France—Germany—Spain—Greece—India, &c. &c.

The steamship Caledonia arrived at Boston early on the morning of Friday, the 2nd inst., with news from Europe to the 19th of August—fifteen days later than previously received. The most important intelligence is that in regard to the riots in the manufacturing districts. We subjoin a synopsis of the contents of the files received at our office.

Great Britain.

A series of riots have broke out in the manufacturing and mining districts of England and Scotland. The people during the past two years have borne the most pressing privations with exemplary fortitude, and have submitted to repeated reductions of wages, on account of the bad state of trade, under the promise that whenever there should be a revival better remuneration should be given to them. Just, however, when an improvement in business was noticed, and they might reasonably have expected a realization of their long cherished expectations, it was proposed by three of the leading manufacturing firms at Staleybridge, near Manchester, and by some employers at Dunfermline, in Scotland, that they should submit to a still further reduction. Whether there was any concert between the mill owners, at so great a distance, cannot be well ascertained; but the people, in both cases, became exasperated, and it is clear, from the readiness with which they were joined by workmen of all description, that the flame had long been smouldering, and only wanted encouragement to burst forth into an extensive conflagration. The turn-out weavers and spinners, says the "Union," appear to have adopted a similar course, but in consequence of the crowded state of the population in the manufacturing districts, they were the more formidable in their irruptions. After numerous meetings at Staleybridge, Ashton, and Mottram, there was a general turn-out of the spinners and weavers at the former place, in compliance with the demands of an immense mob. A procession was then formed with banners, on which were inscribed their determination not to resume labor until their wages were raised to the same rate as in 1839 and 1840. They compelled colliers, calico-printers, and other trades to join them, and went to Duckinfield, Ashton, Oldham, Hyde, Fairfield, Droylsden, Denton, and other surrounding towns, stopping at mills in all these places. At Manchester they were frequently dispersed by the military, but re-assembled and succeeded in stopping all the works of Manchester and Salford. Thence they extended their incursions to Stockport, Macclesfield, Glossop, Tintwistle, Heywood, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, Bury, Bolton, Chorley, Blackburn, Clitheroe, Burnley, Preston, Wigan and all the surrounding towns where the population was great or manufactories existed, causing one universal and wide-spread insurrection, whilst a similar course was pursued by the colliers in the Staffordshire Potteries and at Glasgow. Since Tuesday, the 9th of August, Manchester had been in a complete state of disorganization, all business being at a stand-still, and the military being constantly engaged in dispersing riotous assemblages. There had, however, been, comparatively speaking, very little destruction of property, and not much plunder, though many of the mills have been attacked and the shop-keepers have been compelled to give up their stocks of provisions. At Halifax, Blackburn and Preston, the military had fired upon the mobs, and several lives had been lost. The mill-owners having been compelled to close their establishments, had determined not to re-open them until quiet should have been perfectly restored. Hundreds of thousands of people were therefore without bread, suffering from their folly. The chartists had endeavored to take advantage of the disturbance to extend their views, and the people were divided—one section declaring for higher wages and the other for the charter. In Staffordshire the houses of several gentlemen of property had been fired, and the mobs have been otherwise excessively violent. The intelligence from the manufacturing and mining districts supplies a singular comment on the assurance that "there are indications of gradual recovery from that depression which has affected many branches of manufacturing industry, and has exposed large classes of my people to privations and sufferings, which have caused me the deepest concern." The alarming riots in England and Scotland caused great alarm throughout the country, though in London little sensation was produced by them, and it was hoped they would be terminated in a few days. It was the general opinion that the operatives were justified in resisting a further reduction of wages, and demanding an increase of the rate now paid them.

A second edition of the Liverpool Mercury states that early on the morning of that day, a report reached town that the whole of the magnificent structure of Drayton Manor, Tamworth, the residence of Sir Robert Peel, was in flames, and that the building, with its immense and valuable collection of paintings, furniture, &c., had been razed to the ground. Nothing but vague reports prevailed up to the time of the arrival of the eleven o'clock train, which left Birmingham that morning at six o'clock. From the passengers and guard it was learned that a mob of rioters left Birmingham the previous evening, and were seen in the neighborhood of the hall. Shortly after eleven o'clock the flames were seen issuing either from the hall or the corn fields adjacent. The military were immediately despatched to Tamworth, but up to the time of the train leaving, no correct report as to the nature or extent of the damage done had reached Birmingham.

The markets had been in some measure affected. The briskness that manifested itself in the cotton market had been dissipated by the turbulent state of Manchester and the surrounding districts, but the advanced prices were maintained, and a reaction in the demand was expected as soon as a calm takes place, as it was well known that very large orders were on hand for goods, which had chiefly arrived during the previous week. The accounts from Glasgow and Manchester concur in stating that the people were helping themselves in all directions. There was no insurrection, properly speaking, but a whole people roaming about the country in hordes. No armed force, no police can make head against such a state of things. The police in Manchester are worn out by their incessant exertions.

Chartist disturbances prevailed in Scotland both in the east and west. Lancashire and Cheshire were in confusion, and the disturbances in Staffordshire appear to be the result of the same organization which is at work in the north and west of Scotland. Ministers were told by the deputies from the manufacturing districts, that the patience of the people would give way under their privations, and that without a relaxation of the corn monopoly the peace of the country could not be preserved. It appears that fearful inroads were everywhere made on property.

On the 11th, Parliament was prorogued by her Majesty in person. The speech from the throne attributes more importance to the commercial labors of the government than the country will be disposed to allow to them. They are described as "calculated to maintain the public credit, to improve the national resources, and, by extending trade and stimulating the demand for labor, to promote the general and permanent welfare of all classes of my subjects."

The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal, constituting and appointing Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Welington, Commander-in-Chief of all her Majesty's Land Forces in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in place of Lord John Hill, resigned in consequence of ill health.

There is nothing later from China than has been received by the last arrival at New York. But the details of the India news, only the telegraphic account of which was received by the Britannia, are interesting. The general aspect of the India news, though rather favorable, is far from being entirely satisfactory to the British arms.

The weather had been remarkably fine in England. Two weeks of glorious sunshine had ripened the crops, and enabled the farmers to get them in, in good order. The barley and wheat crops were large. All accounts agree that the crops generally were good—above the average.

Another intruder has been discovered in the palace. He had penetrated almost to the Queen's apartments at the Castle at Windsor. He had the appearance of a mechanic, and that after travelling thirty miles, he had followed a pot boy into the palace, and sat down to have a rest.

The British papers continue to rail at the presumption of this country in endeavoring to obtain a loan in Europe, after the disgrace to which our credit has been subjected there; but it is evident they know very little about the credit system.

The Russian Government (says the Prussian State Gazette) has ordered a levy of five men in a thousand in the western provinces of the empire, in order to complete the full number of the army and navy.

Edhem Bey, the Minister of Public Instruction to Mehemet Ali, and one of the most distinguished generals in the Egyptian army, was on a visit of observation to England.

Mr. Walter, (editor of the London Times,) has been elected member of Parliament for Nottingham. Mr. Sturge was his opponent.

Baron N. de Rothschild, of London, had been married to his cousin, the daughter of Baron J. de Rothschild, in Paris.

The East.

The Augsburg Gazette of the 5th ult. publishes accounts from Constantinople of the 20th ult. They state that considerable reinforcements were on their march to Bagdad. Two regiments of infantry of the Imperial Guard embarked for Smyrna on the 19th, under the command of Mustapha Pacha. They were to proceed hence to Damascus, where Nedschib Pacha, the new Governor of Bagdad, was to join them with 3000 men. The Pacha of Aleppo had also been directed to form a junction with those troops with all his disposable forces, and, once united, the three corps were to march in the direction of Bagdad. The two regiments of cavalry of the guard and the artillery, were to proceed over land to Samsoon, and thence to Bagdad through Koordistan. A regiment of infantry was advancing in the same direction from Sivas, and a regiment of cavalry from Angora. The Pacha of Mossul was also on his way thither at the head of 10,000 regulars, and was to assume the command-in-chief of the army.

Another earthquake was felt at Calamata on the 12th which was more violent, perhaps, than the shock experienced there in April last. The church of St. George, which was remarkable for its beauty and solidity, was destroyed, and two others, with forty or fifty houses, were more or less damaged.

France.

On the 11th ult., the grand deputation of the Chamber of Deputies presented the address of that assembly to the King. A considerable number of members of all parties had joined the deputation. On the same day the King received letters of condolence on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Orleans, from the King of Prussia and the King of Sweden and Norway, from the Queen and King of Portugal, and the Grand Dukes of Tuscany and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Saxe-Wiemar and Mecklinburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Nassau. The editor of the Gazette de France has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and 12,000f. fine for a seditious article, published on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Orleans. The ratification of the commercial convention of the 16th of July has been exchanged between the cabinets of Paris and Brussels.

Germany.

The German journals continue to be filled with accounts of conflagrations. On the 11th ult., the small town of Tambach, near Gotha, was almost entirely consumed: 50 only of the 500 houses of the place were left standing. The village of Bechtof, in Wirtemburg, had been likewise visited by a destructive fire, in which five children had lost their lives.

The Frankfort Journal announces the death of M. Isaac D'Essen, one of the heads of the German Israelite Congregation, at Hamburg. Having no children, he bequeathed his fortune, amounting to 800,000 marcs banco, (£80,000,) to charitable institutions in Hamburg, Altona and Copenhagen.

Spain.

Our accounts from Madrid are to the 8th ult. The only item of the least interest to be found in them, are addresses interchanged by Washington Irving and the Regent, on the occasion of the former presenting his credentials as Minister at the Spanish Court. Mr. Irving made the following speech to Espartero.

"I have the honor of handing to your Highness, as Regent of the kingdom, a letter from the President of the United States of America, accrediting me as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to this court. In presenting you this letter, I speak the sentiments of the President, by assuring you of the respect and esteem of my Government for the Sovereign of this country, its political institutions, and the people, and of its sincere desire to draw closer the ties of friendship which so fortunately unite the two nations. It is my ardent wish that Spain, under her present constitutional form of government, and governed with firmness, wisdom, and patriotism, should enter a new era of prosperity and glory. Your Highness will permit me to express the great pleasure which I personally experienced at being charged with a mission, the sole object of which shall be to strengthen the mutual and cordial good understanding existing between my country and a nation for which I ever professed the highest esteem."

The Regent replied: "I am happy to receive the assurance of the good wishes of the President of the United States towards my Queen and country. I share the sentiments of the successor of the illustrious Washington, and feel deeply interested in his glory, and most ardently desire the consolidation of the liberty and glory of the United States. I am likewise delighted, sir, that you should have been chosen to convey to me the wishes of your government."

Greece.

A good deal of excitement prevailed at Athens, Syria, and other places at the last accounts, in consequence of the extraordinary measures adopted by government to enforce the collection of taxes. The king, Otho, knowing the poverty of his people, has hitherto resorted to temporary loans from the other sovereigns in Europe—who, as they made him king, felt it in duty bound to help him along with his dignity, until his people could recover in a measure what they had lost in their protracted conflict for freedom. Like all other people who borrow money with no visible means of paying it, Otho soon found his credit on the downward track, until finally, the flat refusal of a fresh loan from France, has determined him to see what he can do in the way of taxes at home; and with a desperation corresponding with the necessity of the case, he has gone to work to arrest and imprison such as cannot or will not pay their assessments. It is said that in Messenia alone upwards of 3000 persons have been thus arrested.

India.

From India there is interesting intelligence. In Parliament on the 11th, Lord Palmerston asked Sir R. Peel whether the news which had lately arrived from India was true. There were conflicting accounts; but one of them stated that the Governor General of India had issued orders for the withdrawal of the British troops from the west banks of the Indus. Sir Robert Peel said he had strong objections to make communications upon the subject; but he had every reason to believe that the British troops still occupied Candahar and Jellalabad, and that they were in such a condition as to prevent their being speedily removed. The details of the operations of the British in Affghanistan merit especial consideration. It seems that the treachery of the former has been magnified by partial reports, and that the term may be applied with justice to certain projects of the latter. This, if true, makes the whole project and method of the war more disgraceful to England than it has ever yet appeared, and more honorable to the brave Asiatics.

On the 2d and 3d of June, a tremendous hurricane occurred in Calcutta and vicinity, which resulted in doing considerable damage to vessels and property belonging to the United States. Ships Potomac, and Senator of Boston, would probably be condemned. Ship Chilo of Boston, was the least injured of all the American vessels, although it would probably cost $2500 to put her in as good condition as she was before. Ship Hamilton of Boston, rode out the gale in safety.

Local Intelligence.

☞ It is mentioned by the Reading Gazette that the hands employed on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, struck for their wages on the 1st instant. Some of them it is said, had received no wages for the last three or four months, the receipts of the Road having been applied to the payment of the interest on the Company's Loans. Mr. Nichols, the Superintendent, came to this city for the purpose of making arrangements to comply with the reasonable demands of the workmen and returned, it is stated, on Friday with the requisite funds to satisfy their demands. During the prevalence of the strike several of the coal trains were stopped, but the passenger trains made their transit over the road as usual. Very little excitement was manifested, the hands having the most unbounded confidence in the Superintendent, whom they regard as their friend.

☞ The Bardstown (Ky.) Gazette, says that fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed to procure the acquittal of Milton J. Alexander, now in jail in this city, charged with the murder of the broker, Loguee. The Gazette further adds, that Alexander is deranged. It says: "We have been informed by a gentleman who is well acquainted with him and his family, that he was engaged to be married to a young lady in or near Huntsville, Alabama; but when he went down to fulfil his engagement, his betrothed refused to marry him for some frivolous reason. This disappointment seems to have unsettled his mind, for he gave unequivocal signs of mental alienation before he left home for Philadelphia."

☞ A portion of the weavers had another turn out on Tuesday. They numbered about two hundred. Their object was to force persons who were at work for the establishment at which the rates demanded are not paid, to leave off, and in case they refused, to take the chain from the loom and destroy it, or return it to the factory from which work had been obtained. One or two attempts of this kind were made, but the police could make no arrests as each rioter was armed with a bludgeon. The time, in our opinion, has come when riots *must* be checked, even at the expense of life.

☞ We regret to learn that as Mr. Wm. Bonsall, of Southwark was returning from a jaunt on the Schuylkill, on Friday week, in a light wagon, his horse took fright at the corner of Broad street and Passyunk Road, ran away and threw him with great violence upon the ground. He was carried home by some friends and put to bed, where he lingered until early on Monday morning, when death put a period to his sufferings.

☞ League Island, at the junction of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, has been sold at Sheriff's sale, for $40,100, subject, however, to mortgages to the amount of $45,000. The Island contains four hundred and twenty-four acres, and would have commanded, two years ago, at least $200,000.

☞ The annual exhibition by the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, will commence in this city on the 21st of the present month, and continue for three days. This exhibition is a Paradise for bachelors—they will see nothing there but bright flowers and pretty girls.

☞ Two rows of Lindens, on either side of Broad street, above Market, have been deprived of their entire foliage within a week past, by the ravages of the caterpillar. This is the *second* appearance of the caterpillar this season.

☞ We are informed that an injunction has been served upon the Reading Railroad Company, to stop the re-building of the burned bridge, at Schuylkill Falls, till the purchase money is paid for the scite.

☞ The vacation of the collegiate department of the University of Pennsylvania, terminated on Wednesday. More students have entered for the ensuing term than ever entered at one time before.

☞ A man named Leonard has been arrested as the incendiary who set fire to the Reading Railroad Bridge. If proved guilty, give him the severest sentence the law allows.

☞ The Bank of Penn Township began, on Wednesday, the redemption of her demand notes in specie and specie funds.

ACTS PASSED BY CONGRESS.

Notwithstanding the waste of time at Washington, during the last session of Congress, the number of acts passed will compare favorably with the number passed at any session of Congress during the last twenty-five years. Nor is this all. The legislation has been of a particularly important character. The Tariff Bill—to take one instance—will not only produce great changes in our manufactures, but also in the complexion of parties. It will more or less affect the politics of the republic for the next twenty, we might almost say fifty years. We might refer to other bills of the highest importance, but our readers will discern these for themselves, on perusing the ensuing list of public acts and resolutions passed at the late session. Still, much as has been done, there has been little positive economy of time. If members would curtail their long speeches, and work instead of talking—if factious criminations and recriminations were banished from the halls of Congress—if the good of the country, the whole country, and nothing but the country was the motto of each member, we should soon hail a return of the patriotic times, when Madison, Jay, and others, put shoulder to shoulder, in aid of their common father-land.

PUBLIC ACTS

Passed at the Second Session of the 27th Congress.

An act to provide for satisfying claims for bounty lands, for military services in the last war with Great Britain, and for other purposes.

An act making appropriations, in part, for the civil department, for the year 1842.

An act for the extension of the loan of 1841, and for an addition of five millions of dollars thereto, and for allowing interest on Treasury notes due.

An act to authorize the issue of Treasury notes.

An act for the apportionment of Representatives among the several States, according to the sixth census.

An act making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of Government for the year 1842.

An act making appropriations for the naval service for the year 1842.

An act making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian department, and for fulfiling treaty stipulations with the various Indian tribes, for the year 1842.

An act making appropriations for pensions in the year 1842.

An act making an appropriation for the relief and protection of American seamen in foreign countries.

An act making an appropriation for the repair of the custom house in Providence.

An act to amend the act of the 10th of March, 1838, entitled "An act to change the time of holding the circuit and district courts in the district of Ohio."

An act granting to the county of Johnson, in the Territory of Iowa, the right of pre-emption to a tract of land for a seat of justice for said county, and repealing the second section of an act approved 3d day of March, 1839, entitled "An act making a donation of land to the Territory of Iowa, for the purpose of erecting public buildings thereon."

An act supplementary to an act entitled "An act to amend the act aproved May 13, 1800, entitled "An act to amend an act entitled "An act to establish the judicial courts of the United States."

An act to authorize the judge of the district court of the eastern district of Pennsylvania to hold a special session of the said court.

An act to constitute the ports of Stonington, Mystic river, and Pawcatuck river a collection district.

An act changing the time of holding the circuit and district courts of the United States for the districts of East and West Tennessee.

An act to authorize the collector of the district of Fairfield to reside in either of the towns of Fairfield or Bridgeport.

An act to amend the several acts establishing a district court of the United States at Jackson, in the district of West Tennessee.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to carry into effect, in the States of Alabama and Mississippi, the existing compacts with those States with regard to the five per cent. fund and the school reservations.

An act to regulate arrests on mesne process in the District of Columbia.

An act to amend "An act for altering the time of holding the district court of the United States for the western district of Pennsylvania, at Williamsport," approved May 8, 1840.

An act to change the name of the port of entry on Lake Erie, known as Portland, to that of Sandusky.

An act in relation to the district court for the northern district of New York.

An act regulating the services of the several judges in the Territory of Iowa.

An act requiring foreign regulations of commerce to be laid annually before Congress.

An act explanatory of an act entitled "An act to constitute the ports of Stonington, Mystic river, and Pawcatuck river a collection district.

An act to provide for the early disposition of the lands lying in the State of Alabama, acquired from the Cherokee Indians by the treaty of 29th December, 1835.

An act to provide for the settlement of the claim of the State of Maine for the services of her militia.

An act to provide for the allowance of invalid pensions to certain Cherokee warriors, under the provisions of the 14th article of the treaty of 1835.

An act to settle the title to certain tracts of land in the State of Arkansas.

An act regulating commercial intercourse with the port of Cayenne, in the colony of French Guinea, and to remit certain duties.

An act confirming certain land claims in Louisiana.

An act to authorize the Governors of the States of Illinois, Arkansas, and Missouri to cause to be selected the land therein mentioned.

An act relative to the act entitled "An act granting lands to certain exiles from Poland," approved 30th June, 1834.

An act to amend the act entitled an act supplementary to the act entitled "An act to amend the judicial system of the United States."

An act authorizing the construction of a war steamer for harbor defence.

An act to annex a part of the town of Tiverton, in the State of Rhode Island, to the collection district of Fall river, in the State of Massachusetts.

An act to establish certain post roads.

An act to confirm certain entries of land in the State of Louisiana, and to authorise the issuing of patents of the same.

An act to confirm the sale of a certain school section in the State of Illinois, and for other purposes.

An act authorizing the county commissioners of Lake county, Illinois, to enter a quarter section of land for a seat of justice in said county.

An act for the benefit of the county of Holt, in the State of Missouri.

An act to provide for the armed occupation and settlement of the unsettled part of the peninsula of East Florida.

An act to extend the provisions of an act entitled "An act to regulate processes in the Courts of the United States," passed the 19th May, 1828.

An act to provide for the permanent employment in the Post Office Department of certain clerks heretofore for several years temporarily employed in that Department.

An act to regulate appeals and writs of error from the District Court of the United States for the northern district of Alabama.

An act to provide for the settlement of the claims of the State of Georgia for the services of her militia.

An act authorizing the settlement and payment of certain claims of the State of Alabama.

An act to grant pre-emption rights to settlers on the "Dubuque claim," so called on the Territory of Iowa.

An act making appropriations for the support of the army and military academy for the year 1842.

An act to establish an auxiliary watch for the protection of public and private property in the city of Washington.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to provide for the payment of horses and other property lost or destroyed in the military service of the United States," approved the 18th day of January, 1837.

An act respecting the organization of the army and for other purposes.

An act to provide for the satisfaction of claims arising under the fourteenth and nineteenth articles of the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, concluded in September, 1830.

An act further supplementary to an act entitled "An act to establish the judicial courts of the United States," passed the 24th of September, 1789.

An act making an appropriation to supply a deficiency in the navy pension fund.

An act for the relief of certain settlers in the Territory of Wisconsin.

An act to amend the acts of July 1836, and 1838, allowing pensions to certain widows.

An act for the payment of Florida militia called into service in the years 1839 and 1840.

An act legalizing and making appropriations for such necessary objects as have been usually included in the general appropriation bills without authority of law, and to fix and provide for certain incidental expenses of the Departments and offices of the Government, and for other purposes.

An act to provide for publishing an account of the discoveries made by the Exploring Expedition under the command of Lieutenant Wilkes, of the United States Navy.

An act to establish a district court of the United States in the city of Wheeling, in the State of Virginia.

An act to confirm the sale of public lands in certain cases.

An act to regulate the pay of pursers and other officers of the navy.

An act to regulate the value to be affixed to the pound sterling by the Treasury Department.

An act making appropriations for certain fortifications of the United States for the year 1842.

An act to provide for purchasing materials, and for the support of the Penitentiary in the District of Columbia.

An act to limit the sale of the public stock to par, and to authorize the issue of Treasury notes in lieu thereof to a certain amount.

An act to extend the collection district of Wiscasset.

An act to suppress the vending of lottery tickets in the District of Columbia.

An act to make an appropriation for certain expenses in the erection of a Penitentiary in the Territory of Iowa.

An act making appropriation for certain sites for marine hospitals therein mentioned.

An act making an appropriation for the erection of a marine hospital at or near Ocracoke, in North Carolina.

An act to establish an additional land office in Florida.

An act concerning the payment of Florida militia.

An act to define and establish the fiscal year of the Treasury of the United States.

An act in relation to lands sold in the Greensburg late St. Helena land district, in the State of Louisiana and authorizing the re-survey of certain lands in said district.

An act to provide for the settlement of certain accounts for support of Government in the Territory of Wisconsin, and for other purposes.

An act authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to contract for the purchase for the United States of the right to use Babbitt's anti-attrition metal.

An act in addition to an act to promote the progress of the useful arts and to repeal all acts and parts of acts heretofore made for that purpose.

An act to establish and regulate the navy ration.

An act to provide further remedial justice in the courts of the United States.

An act to provide for the reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

An act to provide an insane hospital for the District of Columbia.

An act to confirm the sale of public lands in certain cases.

An act to provide revenue from imports and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes.

An act to authorize the inhabitants of township 8 north, range 32 west, in the State of Arkansas, to enter a section of land in lieu of the sixteenth section in said township, upon the condition that the same is surrendered to the United States for military purposes.

An act to authorize the States of Indiana and Illinois to select certain quantities of land in lieu of like quantities heretofore granted to the said States for the construction of the Wabash and Erie and the Illinois and Michigan canals.

An act to provide for the payment to the State of Louisiana of the balance due said State for expenditure incurred in raising, equipping, and paying off a regiment of volunteer militia mustered into the service of the United States and employed in the Florida war in the year 1836.

An act for creating a new land district in the State of Missouri, and for changing the boundaries of the south-western and western land districts in said State.

An act supplimentary to "An act to provide for the adjustment of titles to land in the town of Detroit and Territory of Michigan, and for other purposes," passed April 21, 1836.

An act making appropriations to carry into effect a treaty with the Wyandot Indians, and for other purposes.

An act establishing a court at Charleston, in the Commonwealth of Virginia.

RESOLUTIONS.

Joint resolution to institute proceedings to ascertain the title to Rush Island, ceded in Caddo treaty.

A resolution for the relief of Ferdinand Pettrich.

A resolution to authorize the Postmaster General to settle the accounts of Patton Pilcher & Co.

A resolution to authorize an extension of a contract for carrying the mail.

Joint resolution authorising experiments to be made for the purpose of testing Samuel Colt's submarine battery, and for other purposes.

Joint resolution further to provide for the distribution of the printed returns of the sixth census, and other documents connected with the same, the printing of which has been heretofore directed by law.

Joint resolutions to authorize the settlement of the accounts of George Whitman.

Joint resolution to authorize the extension of the contract for carrying the mail on the route between Mobile and New Orleans.

A resolution declaratory of the pension act of July [illegible] 1838.

Joint resolution on the subject of printing the tables of the sixth census.

Joint resolution to continue two clerks in the business of reservations and grants under Indian treaties.

Joint resolution to authorize the commission appointed to prepare rules and regulations for the naval service to appoint a clerk.

Joint resolution for the benefit of George Schnabel and Robert Barber, Jr.

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Nut Cracker.

☞ Good poetry and a good moral are rarely found united. We, therefore, call the attention of all true lovyers, hard-hearted step-fathers, and others interested to the following account of the *sorrowful death of Peter Gray and Lizianna Querl.*

My song is of a nice young man
  Whose name was Peter Gray;
The State where Peter Gray was born
  Was Pennsylvani-a.

This Peter Gray did fall in love
  All with a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive,
  Was Lizianna Querl.

When they were going to be wed,
  Her father he said "No!"
And brutally did send her off
  Beyond the Ohio-o.

When Peter found his love was lost
  He knew not what to say,
He'd half a mind to jump into
  The Susquehanni-a.

A trading he went to the West,
  For furs and other skins,
And there he was in crimson drest
  By bloody Injins.

When Lizianna heard the news,
  She straightway took to bed;
And never did get off of it
  Until she di-i-ed.

Ye fathers all a warning take—
  Each one as has a girl—
And think upon poor Peter Gray
  And Lizianna Querl.

☞ The Major, of the Telegraph, preaches an intolerable sermon over our *Conundrums*, and hints that he does not like to be laughed at. Well! well! only behave yourself like a gentleman, Major, and we will *say nothing about the* "TEA-POT."

But *why is* the Major like a TEE-*totaler?*—because he does not like a SPIRITED SHOT.

The Major wishes us to "draw upon our exchanges." Does he recollect the anecdote concerning the sailors attached to the vessel which took home the body of Packenham in "a puncheon of rum" after the battle of New Orleans? It appears that the tars got groggy, and the commander having called them up before him, demanded where they had got the liquor. A bluff old tar replied,

"We've tapped the Admiral, and left him high and *dry.*"

We fear *that drawing upon the Major*, would be a *dryer* business, than *tapping the Admiral*, and equally as offensive to *correct taste.*

☞ The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald, New York, speaking of a magazine we know of, says "It is really a beautiful thing to look at (we have not had time to examine it) and a sweet little *creature* at our elbow, whose pretty face by-the-bye, has kept us from reading it, says it is better than it looks; and could the publisher but see her once, if he is not a crusty old bachelor, he would give more for her opinion than that of an acre of such prosy fellows as we are." In reply, we tell our friend of the Sandy Hill Herald to get ready a cup of coffee, and have his sweet little fairy to pour it out, for the aforesaid publisher being a bachelor, and a *young one too*, would walk barefoot to Loretto, sooner than miss seeing the pretty face of his fair admirer—no! his book's admirer. In the meanwhile, however, will the editor of the Herald put this angel on the list of exchanges? A lady editor would be the very thing for such a book.

☞ The following exquisite description, by an old piper, of the Scotch airs, is forcible and yet how beautiful. We take it from a late Edinburg Journal. The old piper sat awhile in silence—for such were his habits—and having "sucked his *dudeen*," as they say, he began to blow his bellows and played "Scots wha hae." When he had finished it, "Well," I observed, "what a fine piece of martial music that is!" "No, no," he replied, "there's more tears than blood in it. It's too sorrowful for war; play as you will, it's not the thing to *rise* the heart but to sink it." "But what do you think, Gaynor, of Scotch music in general?" "Would you have me spake ill of my own?" he replied, with a smile; "sure they had it from uz." "Well, even so, they haven't made a bad use of it." "God knows they haven't," he replied, "the Scotch airs, many of them, *is the very breath of the heart itself!*"

☞ We find the following quoted, in a cotemporary, as poetry.

But, ah! there came a softer flame,
  All a stranger to alloy,
When she could claim a mother's name
  In clasping her infant joy.
I loved her then as ne'er before,
  And I love her now as well;
And still I love her more and more,
  As words may but faintly tell.

Oh! Dogberry, Dogberry, thou remindest us of the verses that Tittlebat Titmouse wrote in the album.

Tittlebat Titmouse is my name,
  England is my nation,
London is my dwelling place,
  And Christ is my salvation.

☞ Say what you will, the French are the most polished people on the face of the earth. Nor is their refinement merely conventional; much of it springs spontaneously from the heart. An incident occurred at New York on Sunday illustrating this. As a funeral procession was passing along the street, *six sailors*, belonging to the *French* war-steamer Gomer, met the mourners, and, on coming opposite the bier, by a common impulse they took off their tarpaulin hats, and remained standing, silent and uncovered, until the procession had passed.

"One touch of Nature
Makes the whole world kin."

☞ Arbuthnot, the celebrated physician in the time of Pope, said wisely that excess in eating and drinking caused half "the ills which flesh is heir too." Men, however, offend against nature as much in our day as in his. And they do it often with their eyes open. Some even comfort themselves, amid present miseries, with the recollection of past pleasures. We have heard of an old epicure, who, at every twinge of the gout, exclaimed, "Thank heaven! I've had one good glass of wine for that any how."

☞ "He stole my verses," said a blustering Doctor, who affected poetry rather than pills.

"Ah! then you had better advertise the thief, and add Shakspeare's caution 'who steals my *verse*, steals trash.'"

"But he stole *my speeches!*"

"Then he did what all men thought never could be done."

"At any rate he stole my wit."

"Excuse me—he only had a better memory than you."

☞ Folks in the olden times ate more than they do now, or else the following tavern bill from Chester, England, in the last century, lies. "Breakfast provisions for Sir Geofrey Walton, the Ladie Walton, and their fair daughter Gabriel:—Three pounds of salted salmon, two pounds of boiled mutton and onions, three slices of pork, six red herrings, six pounds of leavened bread, one choppin of mead, five choppins of strong beer."

☞ Miss Harriet Livermore, the celebrated female preacher and pilgrim, has turned authoress—having published a pamphlet on a subject occupying at present much public attention in the oriental country, which has the following title: "The Glory of the Lord in the living by redemption of the purchased possession to the fruits of his glory. By Harriet Livermore, a pilgrim and stranger on the earth."

☞ The flings which have appeared in one or two small prints, at the writers connected with the publications issued from this office, are all from *fellows whose articles have been rejected, whose books have been deservedly cut up, or whose persons have been kicked out of our door.* What has been done once can be done again. We need say no more.

☞ There are now two female editors in Massachusetts, Miss Walter, of the Boston Transcript, and Mrs. Green, of the Fall River Wampanoag. The former, especially, is a lady of decided talent. For either of them, the thousand editors of the United States—for are not all editors gallant?—will at any time willingly break a lance.

☞ The editor of the Picayune having had a taste of war in the Santa Fe Expedition, has been since engaged in a battle against a troop of mosquitoes, and after a sanguinary conflict, he came off victorious. The battle lasted from 6 A. M., till half past 10 at night. Killed, 265 of the enemy; badly wounded of his *troupe*, one!

☞ Some English friend has sent Col. Stone, a brace of grouse shot in August on the Devonshire Moors. No man is more capable of doing justice to them. Just think of an editor's eating grouse!

☞ Somebody said life was a punch—made up of sweet and sour. The hero of the following events no doubt thinks *his* punch has a *little too much* lemon in it. We cut the two notices from an exchange paper.

Married, in Athens, on Monday, the 8th inst. at 10 o'clock, P. M., by C. H. Henrick, Esq. Henry Simson to Charity Fox.

Caution.—The public are cautioned against harboring or trusting my wife Charity, lately Charity Fox, as she refuses to live with me, and I will pay no debts of her contracting.
HENRY SIMSON.

ATHENS, AUG. 12, 1842.

Now we feel inclined to ask why Simson can't keep his wife? D'ye give it up? Because he hasn't *Charity.*

☞ A couple in the West were married, and quarelled the next day who should have the biggest share of the potato. This more than ever convinces us of the truth of the old couplet.

"Love in a hut, on water and a crust,
Is—love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

☞ A Mormon paper was lately started in Baltimore, but did not reach the second number. This reminds us of a witty saying of Du Solle. Speaking of an opposition print which found an untimely death, he remarked, "It gasped for breath the first day and couldn't find it."

☞ Seven thousand three hundred and forty-one husbands may be had in Wisconsin Territory;—such is the surplus of the male population over the female. Now, girls, who is in want of a mate? Don't speak all at once. Wild pigeons emigrate, and why shouldn't you?

☞ The following is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Don't you say so, girls? "Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state."

☞ A placard, at the Masonic Hall, announces that the *industrious fleas* are to be seen within. We never knew before that any one questioned the activity of these little animals.

☞ There is philosophy in Peter Pindar's lines,

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin so merry, draws one out."

☞ It is said that brandy, since the tariff bill passed, has *gone up*. We hope it will never *go down*.

OUR COLLEGES.

President Wayland, of Brown University, has recently published in a small volume a very able discourse on the college system prevailing in the United States, which we take pleasure in commending earnestly to the attention of all who feel an interest in the subject. Under the present system he contends that our colleges are much impaired in their capacities for general usefulness. Now no person can obtain a collegiate education, who does not comply with the prescribed course of the various institutions, *i. e.* pursue the study of particular branches of knowledge only, and for a certain number of years. The consequence is, that all those who are not able to meet the expense of going regularly through college, are debarred the privilege of attending upon such professors, and to such studies as they may think useful to their future plans of life; and a college degree is little better than a certificate of a certain number of years residence of a seminary. Dr. Wayland proposes, that professors should not be paid a stipulated salary from the funds of the Institution, as at present, but that they should be made to depend upon fees received from the students. This is the plan adopted, we believe, in the German Universities, and in a small number of the Universities of our own country. It has been found to have the best effect, both upon teachers and scholars. In every profession, the exertion of the greater part of those who exercise it, is always in proportion to the necessity they are under, of making that exertion. This necessity is greatest with those to whom the emoluments of their profession are the only source from which they expect their fortune, or even their ordinary revenue and subsistence. In order to acquire this fortune, or even get this subsistence, they must, in the course of a year, execute a certain quantity of work of known value; and, where the competition is free, the rivalship of competitors obliges every man to use his best faculties to execute his work with exactness and ability.

BANIM, THE NOVELIST.

The popular Irish romance writer, John Banim, better known as the author of "O'Hara Family," died during the last month near Leinster, in the forty second year of his age. His last work was "Father Conolly," published about three months ago. Mr. Banim was a native of Kilkenny, and of the parish in which he died, which owes to him its celebrity as the scene of the most exquisite of his tales. At a very early age—so early as to have been almost deemed an unhealthy precocity—his genius began to be developed; and there are still in existence, says the Kilkenny Journal, manuscripts of his prose and poetry, written in the fresh bloom of boyhood, which contained ample promise of the excellence to which he afterwards attained. But whatever expectations of literary fame might have been created in the minds of his friends at that period, they were exceeded by their hopes of his success as a painter; for he displayed considerable taste and skill in that art, and was for several years resolved on making it his regular profession. When scarcely seventeen years of age, he became editor of the Leinster Journal. When about twenty he married and proceeded to London, where he became immediately editor of a periodical called the Literary Register. He however abandoned the comparatively unprofitable work of editorship in a few years, when the great success of the first series of the O'Hara Tales opened the way to certain fame and fortune. He died in poverty; his pension of £150 a year, augmented by £40 a year for the education of his only daughter, not sufficing for his necessities, broken down as his health had been for many years by incessant exertion.

END OF THE WORLD.

The Millerites, who tell us the world will not be destroyed until next April, but that then it *must go*, are holding a Second Advent Camp Meeting at Taunton, Mass. The hand-bill says, the aim of the meeting is "to give the midnight cry," and to wake up the sleeping churches and ministry, without distinction of party or denominations. Elder Miller, the head of the Second Advent sect, is to be there, and will no doubt add greatly to the interest of the meeting. "All who can"—so says the handbill—"are requested to provide themselves with tents and provisions, those who cannot, can be accommodated at the Boarding Tent at $2 per week for board and lodging." The Millerites are fully as deluded as the thousands who, in the tenth century, believing the judgment day to be at hand, thronged to Jerusalem. Nevertheless they *may* do some good by forcibly impressing on their hearer's minds, that death cometh "like a thief in the night." The world will outlive next April, but how many of its present inhabitants will be in the grave.

It may be as well to state that the Millerites do not admit that the Jews are ever again to occupy their former country; and they believe that the globe we inhabit will be subjected to the awful and unrestrained action of an universal fire, in the coming year of 1843—and when it has undergone the requisite changes in the alembic of Him who first created and decreed this solemn, and to unbelievers, unwelcome dispensation, the crucified Redeemer will make his Second Advent, and then usher in the morning of the Millennial day.

THAMES TUNNEL.

The Thames Tunnel has at length been thrown open to the public. On the first day of the opening upwards of five hundred visiters of all nations, passed through the tunnel, from the Wapping side of the river, as far as the shaft on the Rotherhithe shore. The High street of Wapping was thronged with people, who were allowed to view the shafts and the double staircase for foot passengers. The shaft is about ninety feet in height, and is surmounted with a handsome glazed dome, to admit light and air. There are staircases; one terminating close to the western arch, and the other leading to the eastern arch. The western arch only is opened for visiters. At mid-day there were upwards of a hundred persons walking in the tunnel; and upon an inspection of the visiters' book, the names and residences of more than thirty Americans, from different parts of the United States, were found to be entered, together with those of persons from all parts of Europe, and many from Asia; one-half of the visiters were foreigners. Many were permitted to pass through, from shore to shore. The tunnel was pronounced, by all, to be the greatest work of modern times.

RIDICULOUS SCHEME.

One of the most ridiculous schemes we ever heard of has lately come to light. The plot is detailed in a letter from J. H. Pleasants, formerly editor of the Richmond Whig. It appears that he, in conjunction with one or two others, in the fall of 1840, and at a moment when it was believed that Virginia had, through fraud, gone for Mr. Van Buren, and that Pennsylvania and New York would follow suit, Pleasants formed a plan *to abduct the President*, previous to his inauguration, and carry him away into the upper districts of North Carolina, Cornwallis's "most rebellious people in America," and there issue an address to the American people, calling for a new election. The plan was subsequently abandoned, but who ever heard of any thing so absurd? The conspirators must have been thinking of the abduction of the King of Poland, by Count Pulaski and his confederates, and have forgotten the vast difference between those times and that country, and our times and this country. Send this Pleasants to the Insane Asylum.

REMARKABLE RUINS.

We find an account in the N. Y. Evening Post, of some very remarkable ruins lately discovered by a traveller in Central America, and which are far more curious than those discovered by Stephens and Catherwood. The ruins have the same general character, but their preservation in some respects is more perfect. The principal of these ruins are at a place called Chichen, situated in the midst of a vast plain, almost midway between the two oceans. On the tops of the pyramids, resembling those which Mr. Stephens met with in other places, and which he conjectured to be the bases of public buildings, this traveller actually found massive edifices in a state of tolerable preservation. Among them was one differing from the rest in having a circular form and being rounded at the top, in a manner somewhat resembling a dome. He found walls, vaults, and floors, covered with a hard composition bearing a high finish, colored interior walls, sculptures in bas relief, stone rings for the hanging of large doors, and various other evidences of art and skill in the construction of habitations. The name of the traveller is Mr. Norman, and we are gratified to hear that he intends publishing an account of his travels in Yucatan. Will he accompany his book with descriptions and drawings of the remarkable ruins?

CONVENTION ON COPYRIGHT.

The Baltimore Visitor of last week proposes a national convention of authors and others interested in the passage of an equitable copyright law. The editor says:—"We have often referred to the indispensability of a law of International Copyright. We do not desire to repeat our views at this moment—those who wish to investigate the subject will find some startling statements in the pamphlet of that worthy champion, CORNELIUS MATHEWS, republished from *Graham's Magazine*. We take up our pen for another purpose—to propose a CONVENTION of the friends of the measures, to meet next Spring at some convenient point—say Baltimore or Washington, as it would be convenient to members of Congress—a convention that shall have in view direct legislation on the subject." We have no objection to a convention, but until the copyright law is passed, where are authors to obtain funds to enable them to attend the assembly!

Literary Intelligence, &c.

☞ One of the most splendid works ever published in America, is Quain's "Anatomical Plates," edited by Doctor Pancoast of this city, and just issued in a magnificent quarto volume by Messrs. Carey & Hart. It consists of a series of the most approved Anatomical drawings, selected from monograph treatises or from systematic works. The plates are accompanied by letter press, containing detailed references to the various objects delineated, the names being set down in English, Latin and French. The work consists of five divisions—The Bones and Ligaments; the Muscles; the Heart and Blood Vessels; with the Lymphatics and Lacteal Vessels; the Brain and Spinal Marrow; the Nerves and organs of Sense; organs of Digestion, Respiration, and Secretion. These diversified parts are figured in their natural and relative position, with a minuteness of detail and an accuracy of outline which cannot be surpassed. The descriptions are remarkable for their clearness and fidelity; and taken as a whole, we have no publication in the country, which can be compared with it, for the purpose of reviving the remembrance of human mechanism in the veteran surgeon or physician, or assisting those who are commencing their anatomical studies. To those who have no opportunity for prosecuting practical anatomy, it is invaluable. It forms a very thick quarto, and is put at the extremely low price of fifteen dollars. The cost of the London copy is $100. The high reputation of Dr. Pancoast is a sufficient evidence of the superiority of the American over the English edition.

☞ There is very little being done by the authors and publishers in England. We learn by the latest papers that Mr. Hoffman has an historical romance of the Court of Russia, called The Czarina. Marryatt has a new sea-novel, called Percival Keene. A new volume of Miss Strictland's Lives of the Queens of England is also in the press. Dr. Hookwell, an anti-Puseyite novel written up to the name,—and a hit on Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, is on the stock. Fanny Kemble meditates, it is said, another work on America. Godfrey Malvern, or the Life of an Author, gets on capitally. It is a monthly work *a la* Pickwick, by Thomas Miller, the basket maker, and relates his own struggles of authorship. The Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels, now in course of publication, relates a good many new particulars respecting the actual incidents upon which Guy Mannering is founded.

☞ THALIA, a Poem, by Dr. J. C. Palmer, of the United States Navy—illustrating some of the interesting scenes of the *Exploring Expedition*—will be published in New York in a few days, embellished with *twelve* beautiful designs, by *Agate*, the artist who accompanied the Expedition, engraved on wood, under the special superintendence of *Adams*, the most skilful artist in that department in America. The work is also to be printed in the most exquisite style of the art, and bound beautifully. An appendix will be annexed giving the particulars of the events on which the poem is founded. We have had the pleasure of reading it in manuscript, and predict for it great popularity. It is a production of singular merit.

Notices of New Works.

THE BOOK OF THE NAVY—1 *vol.*—*D. Appleton & Co. New York*, 1842.—This is a splendid work. In type, paper, contents, and illustrations it is unexceptionable. The Messrs. Appleton have rendered themselves celebrated by their handsome publications, especially by their pictorial Crusoe, Napoleon, and Vicar of Wakefield; and the present work is not a whit inferior to either of the above named, and is destined, unless we much mistake, to be ten times as popular.

The object of the work is admirably set forth in the following extract from the preface. "The preservation of a high-toned national spirit has been an object of especial care with every great and commanding empire, and this object can only be attained by cherishing the fame of the heroes and statesmen who have defended and governed their country, in times of peril and emergency. By giving the due meed of praise for great actions,—by recording the history of every public service, and placing it before the people in a popular and attractive form,—the spirit of noble emulation is kept alive; and the arm of youthful patriotism is nerved for fresh encounters with toil and danger for the public weal. Convinced of this truth, the author of the following work has attempted to do justice to the valor and patriotism of the naval heroes of the Republic, by presenting a simple and intelligible narrative of their noble achievements." We can only say that the author's task has been admirably performed, and the Book of the Navy is one of the most interesting works which has appeared for years. Nor do we doubt, from the known industry and impartiality of the author, that it is accurately compiled. We commend it to all classes, to persons of every age.

The "getting up" of the book—to use a cant phrase among publishers—is in the first style of art. The type is clear and of a proper size, while the paper is as white as driven snow, and as stout as the most fastidious could desire. Each chapter is headed with a neat vignette letter, in the style of the old illuminated manuscripts. The work is also adorned with wood engravings, representing all the prominent naval battles of our history. All these designs are from the pencil of Croome, one of the most talented young artists in the profession. The work is further adorned with portraits of Perry, Decatur, and MacDonough, elegantly engraved on steel. Altogether the book is one peculiarly desirable, and we have no doubt will speedily find its way into nearly every family in the Union.

We have quoted on our first page, from this publication, an account, *by an eye witness*, of the celebrated battle, fought by Paul Jones in the Bon Homme Richard, against the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough, two English men of war. The battle was perhaps, in more respect than one, the most celebrated combat between single ships ever fought. We have illustrated the description with a spirited engraving of the contest. At a fitting opportunity we may make further extracts from this interesting book.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, INCLUDING THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES AND APPLICATIONS OF THE SCIENCE TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY, AND TO THE ARTS. *By Robert Kane, M. D., M. R. I. A. Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, Professor of Chemistry to the Apothecaries Hall of Ireland; Member of the Society of Pharmacy at Paris and of the German Pharmaceutical Society, &c. &c. &c.*—An American Edition, with additions and corrections, and arranged for the use of the Universities, Colleges, Academies, and Medical Schools of the United States. By John William Draper, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, formerly Professor of Physical Science and Physiology in Hampden, Sidney College, Virginia; Member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 704.—Harper & Brothers.—In the present advanced state of chemical science, such a work as this must be exceedingly useful. There is no want of elementary books for its study, but we have seen none going as fully into the *rationale* of the science, or as clear and comprehensive as the present work. The learned author ranks among the first philosophical enquirers of the day, and as a chemist there is probably none before him. The American editor is also well known for his profound knowledge of the subject, and two such minds brought to bear on an elementary treatise, could not fail of making it all that could be desired. We are particularly pleased with the practical character of the work—that is, its explanations of the various processes by which this eminently useful science has been made to contribute to the advancement of the arts, &c. This feature makes it a very valuable work for medical practitioners, manufacturers, farmers, &c. and interesting to all.

"PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS IN HEAVENLY PLACES." *By Charlotte Elizabeth. With an Introduction, by Rev. Edward Bickersteth. One vol. 12mo. New York, John S. Taylor. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.*—The lady who under the signature of Charlotte Elizabeth, has within a few years produced so many works, is without doubt the most accomplished of the female writers who, since the advent of Hannah More, have treated of religious subjects. Her style is remarkable for its purity, simplicity, and strength, and her productions, all of which are of a practical kind, contain so many opposite and entertaining illustrations, from sacred or profane history or from experience, that they are read with equal pleasure and advantage. We have read her "Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places," with great satisfaction. The recommendation of Edward Bickersteth however, which is prefixed to it, will with the Christian community render any praise of it from us superogatory.

JOHNSONIANA, OR SUPPLEMENT TO BOSWELL, *being Anecdotes and Sayings of Dr. Johnson, collected from Piozzi, Hawkins, &c. &c. Edited by J. Wilson Croker, (1 vol. 12mo. pp. 522.) Carey & Hart.*—Every one who has a copy of that unapproachable specimen of biographical writing, Boswell's Life of Johnson, should straightway obtain Mr. Croker's "Johnsoniana," in which are assembled every anecdote and wise saying of the literary dictator which is contained in contemporary works and which Boswell omitted. No man of the past is so well known to the readers of this generation as Johnson, and few, if any, by wisdom or greatness of any kind have deserved more than he an earthly immortality. The book before us is beautifully printed and contains several admirable portraits, among which are characteristic full-lengths of Johnson and Boswell.

THE MAN OF FORTUNE, AND OTHER TALES AND SKETCHES.—*By Mrs. Gore—2 vols. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—Mrs. Gore is well known to the readers of fiction, as one of the most popular writers of the day, and particularly as excelling any author, man or woman, in her delineations of fashionable life. Her "Greville," "Preferment," "Lover and Husband," and other novels, have had a larger circulation than the works of any other cotemporary of her sex, and they well merited it by their moral tendency as well as by their artistic cleverness. The "Man of Fortune," occupying the first of the volumes before us, is in her happiest manner. It illustrates admirably some of the fashionable follies, not of London only, but of all societies; and its dramatic interest is very great. The remaining dozen or more brief stories we have not read.

THE MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this invaluable periodical contains several articles of unusual interest, from very able writers. The opening paper is on the Trade of the Russian Empire, by a resident of St. Petersburg. It is followed by articles on the ware-housing system; on the Progress of Population and Wealth in the United States, by Professor Tucker, of Virginia; on Commercial Voyages and Discoveries; Preferred Creditors, etc., and by the customary amount of mercantile statistics, regulations and miscellanies. The number is also enlivened by a tale entitled "A Glimpse of a Bankruptcy," being the second number of "Lights and Shadows of Mercantile Life." Freeman Hunt, New York; Drew & Scammell, corner of Third and Dock streets, Philadelphia.

General News.

☞ A murder of the most atrocious kind took place at Wentworth, N. H., on the 17th ult., the particulars of which are as follows:—A man named Hasken let a farm to another named Whitney, and having no family, boarded with Whitney. Hasken being afraid of losing his rent, threatened to cut a part of the crops himself to secure it, and accordingly procured help, and on the morning of the 17th started off, scythe in hand, to the work. Not returning during the day, a suspicion was excited in Whitney's family that all was not right—especially as they heard Whitney threaten Hasken the day before, that he would put him where the daylight could not find him if he cut the crops. Toward night the neighbors turned out to search for Hasken, and finding his scythe upon a bridge which he was obliged to pass in the morning, supposed him to have been thrown in and drowned. That night they watched Whitney's house, and the next day dragged the pond without success; but the second night Whitney managed to get out of the house, unknown to the watchers, and upon his return in the morning was seized on suspicion. Soon after Whitney went out, some one who heard and seen him on the bridge, and at daylight the body of Hasken was found near it, the neck broken and the face lacerated and broken in.

☞ In December last, Mrs. Pennington, a resident of Henry county, Ind., died very suddenly and was buried. A few weeks since, suspicions were excited against her husband that he had poisoned her. A post mortem examination was held, and the discovery made that poison had been administered. A coroner's inquest was held over the body, and from the evidence of physicians and others, a verdict given that the deceased came to her death by poison administered by her husband. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but he had escaped, taking with him a girl who had acted as servant in his house at the time of his wife's death.

☞ The last Galena Gazette mentions that Capt. Wm. H. Bell, "Inspector of the mines of the United States," reported that more than three hundred leases had been already granted to Miners by the Superintendent, and that he has now applications for more than two hundred; that there has been made to him returns for nearly two millions of pounds of mineral, under the new system since May last, and Captain Bell is making a tour of inspection of the Mines every quarter, and as much oftener as may be thought necessary.

☞ The barque Louisa, from Marseilles, for New York, went ashore on Friday night, four miles east of Fire Island light. She had a full cargo of fruit, dry goods, cordage, &c., and was consigned to Howland & Aspinwall. A large part of the cargo was landed, and the remaining part of it would also be saved. The vessel will probably be lost. Considering the late prevalence of north easterly storms, the number of wrecks on our coast has been small.

☞ There is a man down east who is the very person for these hard times. His name is Joel Swain, from Strafford, N. H., and he works for Deacon Farrington, Spring street, Roxbury. He has spent but 86 cents since the 24th of last March, and incurred no debt during that time. For the last 14 years his expenses have been but $12 per annum. This is over and above his board and lodging.

☞ Another little vessel has been built in Boston, for distant voyages. She is one hundred and twenty tons measurement, and very sharp forward. She carries two eighteen pound carronades, and small arms to match. She was to sail on Thursday for Newfoundland, and from thence to the river La Platte, and probably round Cape Horn to India.

☞ The murderer of Mr. Tinet, of Opelousas, three years ago, has confessed the crime, and is lodged in jail to await his trial. Either accident or remorse brings to light eventually every homicide. Every body has heard of Eugene Aram,—and who knows but, in like manner, even the murderer of Mary Rogers may, at some future day, be found.

☞ As an evidence of the cheapness of provisions in the West, it is stated in a St. Louis paper of the 23d ult., that fresh beef, best pieces, can be had in that city at 5 cents a pound, fowls at 50 cents to $1 per dozen, potatoes at 12½ cents a bushel, 20 large loaves of wheat bread or 40 small loaves for $1, and good peaches for 19½ cents per bushel.

☞ We learn, says the St. Louis Bulletin, that an affray occurred near Gulford on Friday last between two brothers named Forrest, in which the elder with a common hand axe, severed from the shoulder the arm of his younger brother. The quarrel is said to have had its origin in some family difficulty. The elder brother made his escape.

☞ A young man, named George Willis, recently from Bristol, England, fell from the New Brunswick train of cars on Saturday evening, and the wheels passed over both of his arms, which were so much injured as to render amputation necessary. He died the next day at the New Brunswick Hospital.

☞ Mr. John Sheridan, proprietor of a Gymnasium and an amateur, ran a race of an unusual character on Charles street mall.—Mr. S. ran 50 yards with a man weighing 150 lbs. on his back, against 100 yards by his adversary. The prize, a silver cup, was won by Sheridan.

☞ A young man named Winslow Winchester, of Plymouth, was killed by lightning on Saturday afternoon. He was with two other young men in a small schooner, bound to Truro, and when the schooner was struck, they were about five miles from the Gharnet.

☞ The Georgetown advocate says that the cost of repairing the whole of the damage done to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal by the late freshet, will not exceed eight thousand dollars. The cost of putting the canal in navigable order will be about $2500.

☞ The Horatio, which arrived at New York a day or two ago from China, made her outward passage in one hundred and six days, and her homeward passage in one hundred and eight. The shortest run on record, says the New York Commercial.

☞ Grace Pomham, the last of the race of Pequot Indians, died at New London a day or two since. She was seventy-two years of age, and appears to have been quite a respectable woman. Alas! where are her people!

☞ The union between the Philadelphia Railroad and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been completed—so that passage for the whole route can be taken in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wheeling, or Pittsburg.

☞ A gang of coiners, headed by a lawyer, has just been arrested in Steuben county, New York. They were making Spanish milled and American half dollars. Look out now for counterfeit coin.

☞ The Mormons are beginning to desert Joe Smith, having grown tired of his knavery. About forty of these deluded people reached St. Louis not long since. They were from the Mormon settlement.

☞ A shark was caught in Charleston (South Carolina) harbor. It was eight feet in length. There was found in his stomach a part of a man's shirt, and the skin of a man's head.

☞ The Ladies of Providence, presented three elegant swords on Tuesday last, to the Marine Artillery, the National Cadets, and the Light Infantry, of that city.

☞ A green turtle has been caught near Norfolk, which was three feet ten inches long, four feet wide, and weighed three hundred and eighty-five pounds.

☞ Fourteen thousand hogsheads of tobacco were produced in Missouri last year, and this year's crop is expected to be 3000 or 4000 hhds. more.

☞ The late census computes the annual products of manufactures in the United States at over four hundred millions of dollars.

☞ A Mr. Lefevre, proposes to pave the streets of New York with plated cast iron.

Army & Navy.

☞ The civil courts sometimes interfere in naval discipline.—Lieutenant DeCamp was fined last week, in the United States District Court, at Boston, $30 for striking one of the crew of the frigate Potomac, because he did not instantly obey an order that was given by Decamp, when officer of the day.

☞ The sloop of war Fairfield, Com. Morgan, sailed from Gibraltar, July 25th, for Mahon, to provision. She would return to Gibraltar, and if any other United States vessels should have arrived in the meantime, would proceed with them to adjust the difficulties at Tangier.

☞ It is said that 3 Lt. Colonels, 4 Majors, 17 Captains, 11 First and 19 Second Lieutenants, 1 Surgeon and 5 Assistant do, have been killed by the enemy, or have died from disease in Florida, since the commencement of the war.

☞ U. S. frigate United States, 40 days from Rio Janeiro, arrived at Valparaiso, May 5, and probably remained on the 14th. The store ship relief, from Callao, had also arrived at Valparaiso.

☞ United States steamship Missouri was at Wiscasset, Me., on the 2d instant, last from Thomaston. She would remain until the 5th.

☞ Capt. Voorhees, commander of the sloop-of-war Preble, died at Marseilles, last month, of bilious fever.

Political Intelligence.

☞ We regret that the Commercial Convention concluded between the United States and Texas, which was laid before the Senate in the last week of the session by President Tyler, was not acted upon, owing to the want of time to take it up before adjournment. The Hon. James Reily, Charge d'Affaires of Texas, between whom and the Secretary of State this treaty was concluded, having accomplished that object, has resigned his trust and departed to Texas.

☞ The President of the United States has recognized Edward Stucken as Consul of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimer, for the State of New York, and Alexander Baker as Vice Consul of Russia for the port of New York.

☞ Politics run high in Ohio, since the resignation of the Whig members of the Legislature. The Whigs are holding conventions and mass meetings; and their opponents are equally alert.

☞ It is said that the Whig party of Iowa have carried the Council, but their opponents have a majority of one in the House.

☞ The election in Maine will be held on Monday.

☞ The election in Vermont began on Tuesday.

Financial News.

☞ One of the daily journals says that an agent of the Nashville Banks, in Mississippi, who has notes to the amount of $60,000 to collect, has written home that he cannot even get money enough to pay his travelling expenses, and requesting that a small sum be forwarded to him to pay his way. The collecting business is sadly depressed.

☞ It is said that Mr. Robinson, the agent of the U. States to procure takers for the 12 million loan, had left London for Antwerp on his way to Amsterdam. English capitalists would have nothing to say to him, and no better prospect existed on the continent.

☞ Gov. Carlin, of Illinois, has issued a proclamation forbidding the officers of the State from receiving the paper of the State Bank of Illinois, in payment of taxes or dues of the State.

☞ The banks of Lancaster county in this state, resumed specie payments on Thursday week.

☞ The U. S. Laws are hereafter to be published only in papers at Washington City.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Papal Calender for the current year gives the following item of intelligence. The present Pope, Gregory the 16th, will complete his seventy-seventh year on the 18th of this month—having passed into the eleventh year of his Papacy. There are now 60 Cardinals, 6 Cardinal Bishops, 43 Cardinal Priests, and 11 Cardinal Deacons. Cupi, the oldest Cardinal, is 87, and Schwartzenberg, the youngest, 33. The ages of all the Cardinals make 3580 years.

☞ Miss Martha D. Coggeshall, daughter of Mr. Josiah Coggeshall, of Bristol, R. I., who embarked for Africa in January last in company with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Paine, and other missionaries, and landed at Cape Palmas on the 25th of March, died there on the 4th May, of the acclimating fever.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Johns, Assistant Bishop elect, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia, is to be duly installed into that office in Richmond, on the 13th of next month.

HEALTH OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 27th of August to the 3d of September.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Apoplexy,	2	0	Brought over,	38	43
Cancer of the Uterus,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	4
Casualties,	1	1	——Bronchi,	0	2
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	——Lungs,	1	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	12	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Colic,	1	0	——Bowels,	0	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	5	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	7	Laryngeal Phthisis,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	1
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
——Head,	0	3	Ossification of Arteries,	1	0
——Breast,	1	1	Phlebitis,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	2	1	Small Pox,	1	1
——Liver,	1	0	Still Born,	0	5
——Uterus,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Tubercular disease,	0	1
Dysentery,	3	4	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Debility,	1	5	Ulceration of Bowels,	1	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	——of Lungs,	1	0
Fever, Congestive,	3	0	Whooping Cough,	0	5
——Remittent,	1	1	Worms,	0	1
——Typhus,	3	0			
——Typhoid,	1	0	Total,	117——49	68
——Scarlet,	0	1			
Carried over,	38	43			

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 14 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug.	28,	77	83	78
	29,	77	81	86
	30,	70	75	78
	31,	69	75	78
Sept.	1,	69	74	82
	2,	71	79	90
	3,	74	81	—

The Markets.

The Money Market.

The rates, out of doors, for good paper, range from seven to nine per cent. Money is comparatively plenty with the Banks, and they freely discount short paper of unexceptionable quality. This abundance, probably, springs from the inactivity of business; and it is probable, that, with the revival of trade, money will become scarce. We have all been retrenching for nearly a year, and things are approximating to a right basis. The crops will do much for us. The modification of the British Corn Laws, though slight, will prove of great advantage to us. Large quantities of wheat will be sold to Canada—we know of one firm across the border which has contracted for wheat to the amount of $500,000, the price to be paid in gold. Meanwhile the currency is improving. Capitalists, however, are not yet disposed to let out their money, even on real estate securities, as monied men are on the look out for better investments. The State Stocks have increased in price somewhat—this seems to augur a better feeling. Indeed since the passage of the Tariff Bill, and the adjournment of Congress, there is some stir at business, however slight. The fall trade, nevertheless will not be large; but we think it will be safe.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
139 shares Wilmington R R	10
75 do. Mechanics Bank,	9a10
30 do. Union Bank, Tenn	30
11 do. United States Bank,	2¾
11 do. Kentucky Bank,	40
10 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co	35
10 do. Mer. & Man. Bank, Pitts	33
10 do. Reading R R	17
10 do. Philada. & Trenton R R	47
9 do. Philadelphia Bank,	33
5 do. Camden & Amboy R R	60
4 do. Atlantic Insurance Co.	45
3 do. Girard Bank,	1½
1 do. North America Bank	159¼
$5000 United States Bank Notes,	41a41½
$500 City 5's, 1866,	94
$1000 State 6's, 1847,	43
$250 State 5's, 1858,	40
$150 Pennsylvania 6's, 1843,	43
$1000 do. 5's, 1865,	40
$2600 do. 5's, 1870,	40
$3000 County 6's, 1871,	90
$800 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1858,	67
$1000 Tenn 5 per ct Bonds,	60¾
$800 State 6's, 1847,	43
$4000 Tennessee 5 per ct Bonds, 1871,	60¼
$1000 Canal 6's, 1865,	71
$4000 State 5's, 1864,	40
$1000 State 5's, 1870,	39¾

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a12	Clams, per 100,	20a25
" middling,	5a 7	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
" corned,	4a 5	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Veal,	4a 7	Rye Flour, qt. cwt.	60a62½
Mutton,	3a 5	Wheat "	75a87
Lamb per qr.	40a68	New Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Eggs, per doz.	10a12
" pickled, "	5a 7	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Hams, Jersey,	7a10	Pickles, per 100,	25a31
Jowls,	2a 3	Beets, bunch, new,	2a 3
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Cheese, lb.	6a12	Turnips, qr. peck,	4a 6
Butter, lb.	22a25	Onions, rope,	5a 6
Lard, "	7a 9	Sand Peas, qt.	7a 8
Beef's Tongue,	40a56	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Pigs, whole,	50a81¼	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Hominy, quart,	8a[illegible]
Sheep Tongues, doz.	25a31	String Beans, ¼ peck,	3a 4
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Lima Beans, qt.	10a12
Fowls, pair,	50a62½	" " qt. pk.	6a 8
" " Live,	44a56	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
Chickens, live,	31a44	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 9
Do. dead,	25a44	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
Turkeys,	62a81¼	Green Apples, hf. pk.	6a16
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Pears,	4a 6
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Tomatoes, qr. pk.	2a 3
Ducks, pair,	44a68	Cucumbers, dozen,	5a 6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Fox Grapes, qt.	3a 4
" fresh,	13a15	Peaches, qr. peck,	18a31
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Squashes, each,	1a 2
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Flat do.	2a 3
Fresh, "	5a 6	Green Corn, doz.	7a 8
Flounders,	9a10	Nutmegs,	2a 4
Halibut, lb	10a12½	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Sea Bass, lb.	7a 8	Watermelons,	10a20
Black Fish, lb.	6a 7	Peppers, basket,	22a25
Rock, per lb.	9a10	Cucumber Pick. bask.	41a50
Perch, per string,	18a31	Nasturnons, quart,	10a12½

The markets the past week bear the same marks of abundance and variety that characterized them at the time of our last weekly notice. Fine round potatoes sell at 20 to 25 cents. Mushmelons and nutmegs at 20 to 80 per basket. Sweet potatoes, by the basket, 44 to 56 cents. Tomatoes, basket, 18 to 37 cents. Apples, basket, 50 to $1. Peaches for a day or two past have been less abundant, and, from the scarcity, sold at higher rates. Fair to good peaches sold at $1.50 to $2.50 per basket. Poultry, as the season advances, falls in price. Fine sized chickens were offered at 25 cents per pair. Fish not very abundant the past week—the variety was also limited.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks—The transactions have been on a moderate scale, and prices for some articles which have been affected by the late Tariff are still unsettled. The foreign news received last from England being unfavorable for any export demand, has caused a slight decline in the price of Flour, and buyers are looking for a further decline.

Bark—No further sales of Quercitron.

Coffee—Upwards of 800 bags have changed hands this week at 9a9½ cts for Laguayra, and 8¼a9 cts for Rio—350 bags of the latter, damaged, sold by auction at 5¼a8 cents, cash.

Flour and Meal—On Saturday morning sales of Flour were made for export at $4.75 per bbl—On Monday, owing to the late European advices showing a further decline in the price of Flour in England, the market remained inactive, and on Tuesday gave way 12½ cents per bbl. Sales of 1500 bbls fresh ground Flour at $4.62½ cash. Rye Flour is steady at $3.75, and Corn Meal at $2.75 per bbl, with sales.

Grain—The supplies of Wheat coming forward are light, and the demand is limited—Sales at 90a94 cents per bushel for fair and very handsome quality Penna red; a lot on the Schuylkill sold at 81 cents. A sale of very inferior Southern at 65 cts. We quote 65 to 85 cents as the range. Rye—A sale of Southern at 50 cts. Corn—Sales of round yellow at 56a57 cts, gourd seed at 55, Southern flat yellow at 51a52, and white at 51 cts. Oats—Sales at 23 cents for Southern.

Hides—An import of 1500 Laguayra Hides was disposed of at 10 cts per lb.

Oils—Sales of Linseed at 78 cts in bbls—Spring Sperm is scarce, and bleached sells readily at 75 cts.

Plaster—Much wanted at $2.25a$2.37 per ton.

Provisions—Sales of Western Mess Pork at $7.50a$8 per bbl, and Prime at $5.50a$5.75. Bacon—Sales of Hams at from 6¼ to 7 cts per lb, Sides and Shoulders at 4¼a5 cts. Stocks of Pork and Bacon quite small. Lard is without change.

Spirits—Moderate sales of Bordeaux Brandy at $1.45a1.50 and Rochelle at $1.55a1.60 per gallon.

Sugars—Prices are well supported, but the transactions have been on a limited scale. Sales of White Brazil at 8¼a8¾ cts on time.

Whiskey—Sales in hhds at 21 cts.—*North American.*

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, September 2.—The offering comprised 890 Beeves, including 175 head for Ohio, 225 Cows and Calves, 300 Swine, and 1427 Sheep. Beef Cattle were in good demand, and all but 40 head were taken, including 325 for New York, at 4.50a$6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves were sold at $7a12 for dry Cows; $10a$20 for springers, and $22a32 for milch Cows. Swine sold at $3.75a4.75 per 100 lbs. Sheep were disposed of at $1a2.25 for Lambs, and 1.50a3.50 each for Sheep, as in quality.

Baltimore, Sept. 5.—Cattle—The offering of Beef Cattle embraced 580 head, of which 430 were taken by speculators for Northern markets, and nearly all the balance by the city butchers, at from $3a4 net.

New York, Sept. 7.—Beeves 850 offered, 800 sold at $4a$6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—35 sold at $20a$35 each.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, September 3rd, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk	15 dis
Moyamensing bank	12½ dis
Penn Township bank	8 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	60 dis
Girard do.	50 dis
Penna. do.	7½ dis
Germantown,	par
Delaware co. at Chester,	par
Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	4½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	20 dis
Lancaster bank,	2 dis
Farmers bk Lancaster,	2 dis
Lebanon,	5 dis
Harrisburg,	6 dis
Middletown,	5 dis
Carlisle,	6 dis
Columbia Bridge,	3 dis
Northumberland,	4 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	6½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilkesbarre,	12 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	2 dis
" Certificates,	2 dis
" Post notes,	2 dis
Towanda,	
York,	5½ dis
Gettysburg,	6 dis
Chambersburg,	6 dis
Waynesburg p. notes,	13 dis
" demand notes,	13 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	7 dis
" demand notes,	7 dis
Erie,	7 dis
Berks county bank,	55 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	8½ dis
Lewistown,	12½ dis
Lumb'n's bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	30 dis
DISTRICT OF COL'MB'A.	
Washington City,	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Farmers & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branches,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	7 dis
Wheeling post notes,	7 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	6 dis
Bank notes,	6 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	75 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	10 dis

NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Country banks,	1½ dis
Except bank of Columbia, Green Co., Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.,	Broken
Wayne County bank,	
Merchants & Planters,	
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Exchange bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portslam Manu'ing Co.	do
Red Backs,	1½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	½ dis
Mineral bank,	3 dis
Fredericktown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	2 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	3 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	7½ dis
Franklin bank,	30 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	2 dis
Broken banks,	various prices
Balt. & Ohio R R notes,	50 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
New Hope D. Bridge,	[illegible]
Tren Banking Co old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bking&GCo.	broke
Washington banking Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
Protection and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of New Brunswick,	do
Mechanics bk Patterson,	do
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
INDIANA.	
Notes,	6 dis

Exchange on New York,	[illegible]
" Boston,	[illegible]
" Baltimore,	[illegible]
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	9 dis
City Relief Notes,	15 dis

ALMANAC.

September, 1842.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
10 Saturday,	5 44	6 16	6 57	
11 Sunday,	5 45	6 15	7 53	D. H. M.
12 Monday,	5 46	6 14	8 48	
13 Tuesday,	5 47	6 13	9 39	
14 Wednesday,	5 49	6 11	10 27	New 4 5 15
15 Thursday,	5 50	6 10	11 14	First 11 11 0
16 Friday,	5 51	6 9	11 57	Full 19 1 39
17 Saturday,	5 53	6 7	12 41	Last 27 10 13

Married,

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Mr. GAVIN H. WOODWARD, to Miss RACHEL ANN GIBSON, all of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Hammett, Mr. SAMUEL TELL, to Miss SARAH ANN SISTER, both of Blockley.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. CHAS. KREAMER, of Philadelphia, to Miss JULIA A. THOMAS, of Maryland.

On the 28th of March, 1841, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. PETER BUTTING, to Miss EDITH NICHOLSON, both of this city.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rood, JAMES W. MENDENHALL, to Miss HANNAH MENDENHALL.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kennard, JACOB KEELEY, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss CATHARINE BECK, of Spring Garden.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Rev. Levi Storks, CHARLES S. CLARK, to Miss SARAH MORGAN, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th ultimo, by Alderman C. Brazer, EDWARD F. CORFIELD, to Miss MARY W. TALMAN, both of Philadelphia county.

At St. Luke's Church, New York, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Forbes, JAMES E. CALDWELL, of this city, to SARAH CAROLINE, daughter of Edward Butler, of the former place.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. C. C. Vanarsdale, GEO. H. MILLER, of Spring Garden, to EMMA M. youngest daughter of Fred'k Steiwaggon, of the Northern Liberties.

On Fort Leavenworth, Mo. on the 9th ult. by the Rev. O. C. Steele, Dr. T. C. MADISON, U. S. Army, to Miss LAURA, daughter of Capt. E. Steen, of 1st Dragoons.

On Wednesday evening, 31st ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. SAMUEL STEEL, to Miss CHARLOTTE JOURDAN.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, ROBERT BEISY, to HELEN M. CHAMBERS, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. JOSIAH EVANS, to Miss MARIA G. KIRBY, both of New Jersey.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, HENRY KING, of Moyamensing, to Miss CATHARINE ABELL, of Southwark.

Died,

On 3d day, the 6th inst. SARAH JONES, wife of the late John Jones, formerly of this city, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. CATHARINE ANN, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Johnson, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 6th instant, in the 3d year of her age, AMANDA, daughter of John and Mary Michaels.

Suddenly, on the 6th inst. at his residence, in Reckless street, Southwark, WILLIAM SPRAGG, late proprietor of Head Quarters, Franklin Place, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. JOHN FRAZER, infant son of George and Maria Messer, aged 4 months.

On the 17th ult. at Cincinnati, SAMUEL, son of Wm. and Ann Bellville.

On the 3d instant, FLORENCE, daughter of James H. and Eliza Ann M'Main, aged 3 months and 5 days.

On the 5th instant, after a lingering illness, ELIZABETH DEVINEY, wife of Thomas Deviney, in the 52d year of her age.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE TOLAND, aged 16 years.

On the 5th inst. aged 19 years, of consumption, JAMES BARBER.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 5th inst. at the residence of his son-in-law, Joseph C. Carpenter, Mr. WM. ROWAN, in the 63d year of his age—long a respectable merchant of that place.

On 6th day, 2d inst. of bilious remittent fever, ESTHER, eldest daughter of Thos. and Sarah E. Wright, of Chester Township, Burlington county, N. J. in the 11th year of her age.

At Bremen, Germany, on the 2d ult. in the 20th year of her age, SARAH, wife of Augustus S. Boving, of the former place, and daughter of the late Capt. Joseph M. Warner, of this city.

On the 3d inst. of convulsions, BENJ. ROSS, son of Benj. and E[illegible] Ann Lyndall, aged 2 years and 1 month.

At M[illegible], on the 30th ult. Mr. WM. HODSON, of Bolton, Lan[illegible] England, in the 42d year of his age.

At Manay[illegible] on the 4th inst. THOMAS MOSELY, aged 44 years.

On the 2d inst. [illegible] MCGLINSEY.

On the 2d inst. [illegible] ROBERT STOKES, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 1st inst. FRE[illegible] W. STEINER, in the 97th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. MARIA R[illegible], eldest daughter of Alfred and Ann Maria Bennett, [illegible] 5th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. after a linger[illegible] illness, HANNAH MC[illegible] MINN, in the 50th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. after a short illne[illegible] Captain STEELMAN TILTON, in the 29th year of his age.

On Saturday, 3d inst. Miss JANE DALE[illegible] ter of the Rev. John B. Dales.

On Saturday morning, 3d inst. JOHN CHES[illegible] aged 28 years.

On the 3d inst. SIMEON E. ROWE, son of Spe[illegible] Rowe, formerly of Sunderland, Mass. in the 16th year of [illegible] age.

On the 31st ult. CATHARINE, relict of the late Jaco[illegible]

In Halifax, 21st ult. the Hon. HIBBERT N. BINNEY, Collector of Impost and Excise at that port, which office he held for the long period of fifty years, aged 76 years.

In Pemberton, N. J. on the 29th ult. the Rev. DANIEL FIDLER, aged 71 years. He had been for the last 53 years a devoted minister of Christ in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At Ballston, N. Y. on the 27th ult. EZRA KETCHUM, aged 91 years, 5 months and 21 days. The deceased was a soldier of the Revolution, and was one of the staff who took Major Andre as a spy, and rode him into camp.

On Saturday evening, 3d instant, after a lingering illness, Col. JAMES REESIDE, in the 52d year of his age, long known throughout the United States, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

On the 24th ult. at Wm. O. Hatfields, near Tuckerton, N. J. Mr. WM. HENRY, a native of Scotland, for the last 30 years a resident of that county.

On Saturday afternoon, 3d inst. in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. WHILHELMINA SULLENDER, relict of the late Jacob Sullender, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. Mr. THOMAS SMITH.

On the 31st ult. of convulsions, ANN ELIZA, daughter of David and Sarah Cramer, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 30th ult. GEORGE F. infant son of Victor A. Sartori.

On the 11th ult. at Washington, Elkhart county, Indiana, in the 41st year of her age, Mrs. JANE, wife of Lawrence Wells, and daughter of the late Wm. G. Crease, of this city.

In New York, on the 21st ult. Mr. EDWARD LARAQUE, (of the firm of Glenard & Laraque) formerly of this city, aged 41 years.

On Saturday evening, 27th ultimo, at his residence, near Trenton, N. J. after a painful illness, WM. HOWELL, Esq. in the 56th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. ANNA PORTER, aged 63 years.

At Key West, Fa. on the 7th of July, MARY AMELIA, daughter of Capt J. M. Hill, Acting Quarter-master, U. S. A. aged 1 year and 7 days.

EXTENSIVE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.—The proprietors of the "United States" have added to their establishment an extensive assortment of the latest improved Job Type, Presses, Engravings, and Printing Materials generally, and they are amply prepared to execute all orders for fine Letter Press Printing of every variety, such as Books, Pamphlets, Handbills, Bills of Lading, Bill Heads, Bank Checks, Circulars, Cards, Policies, Blanks of every description, Railroad, Stage, Steamboat and Horse Bills of every Description and size, with appropriate engravings, etc. etc. etc. They are continually adding to their stock, at whatever expense, the specimens and beauties of the American and European foundries, and they spare no pains to please by both quality and price all who may favor them with their orders. Their terms are cash, and a distinctive feature in their mode of doing business is founded upon the idea entertained by them that he who serves his customers to best advantage will be most likely to secure custom. In accordance with this idea they have provided themselves with every facility for executing printing of all kinds and every variety, plain and fancy, with the utmost despatch, in the neatest style and at the cheapest rates. Orders from any part of the country forwarded by merchants visiting the city or otherwise promptly attended to. Dickson's improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, is now in active operation. Cards and Letter sheet Jobs can be thrown off upon this press at the rate of from ten to three thousand impressions an hour. Printed in a style far superior to any other work of the kind in the city, and at lower prices. Office, third story of the Ledger Building, South West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia. sep 10 3t

CARD.

CURWEN STODDARD HAVING COMPLETED the improvements at the "Branch Dry Goods Store," No. 235 Market street, two doors below 9th, North side, is now prepared for, and will be in daily receipt of new and desirable goods. On account of the large lots he must buy for the supply of the above stand and the *Old Establishment*, the CLOTH and SILK STORE, No. 290 North 2d street, West side, (between Willow and Noble streets) he is enabled to offer an assortment which in point of extent and variety will compare with that of any establishment in the city at such prices as must prove satisfactory.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Storekeepers, and others who purchase largely for cash would do well to examine this stock. The heaviest part of our stock is at the Cloth and Silk Store, where may be found in great variety, viz.

Broad Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Satinetts,
Kentucky Jeans, and other goods for boys wear of various styles,
Flushings,
Beaver Cloths.

Blankets of the following descriptions
Rose, Duffel, Whitney and Twilled,
Counterpanes,
Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings,
Cotton and White Flannels.

Col'd and Black Silks of the most Desirable styles and kinds,
Merinoes,
Bombazines,
Mousseline de Laines,
Chintzes.

CURWEN STODDART'S
Cloth and Silk Store, No. 290 North 2d st.
sep 10 3t* West side (between Willow and Noble streets.)

DR. DRAPER'S AMERICAN DISPENSARY.

DR. A. C. DRAPER informs the public that he has returned to the city, and is now prepared to attend to the duties of his profession. Dr. D. has made himself acquainted with all the recent discoveries and improvements which have been made in Europe and America in the various departments of the Healing Arts. Familiar with the practice pursued in the *Hospitals of London and Paris*, and with all the remedies used in the *Allopathic, Homœopathic and Thomsonian practice*, Dr. Draper confidentially assures the afflicted that he has it in his power to *mitigate the symptoms of all diseases and entirely cure* a great many maladies, which heretofore have resisted the ordinary modes of practice. In the administration of *Vapor Baths*, Mrs. D. will attend to the Ladies Department.

The Galvanic Battery always in readiness. *Superior Botanic Medicines* prepared under the direction of Dr. Draper.

The Compound Syrup of Sanguinaria, an infallible preparation for *Croup, Hives, Bronchitis*, and *Catarrh Coughs* will always be kept ready for family use. No mother should be without this elegant preparation for children. sep 10 3m

Dr. Draper's Dispensary is in Spruce street between Schuylkill Third and Fourth streets, next door to the Rev. Mr. Dosett.

TO TAILORS.—F. MAHAN ANNOUNCES TO his subscribers and the trade in general, that the Reports and Plates of Fashions for Fall and Winter of 1842 and '43 will be published and ready for delivery about the 20th instant.

He has succeeded in simplifying the Drafts and Proof Measures far beyond any thing he had anticipated. The present Fall and Winter Drafts will therefore appear in a remodelled form, shewing great improvement, and presenting the greatest facilities for cutting with accuracy.

TERMS—$10 for the first, and $5 for each succeeding year, (payable in all cases in advance.) Picture Plates or Illustrations of Fashions published also each Spring and Fall. Holly Protractors $2 to $4. Seal Holders $2 to $4. Inch Measures and Tailors Crayons of a superior quality at wholesale and retail.

N. B.—Those who are already acquainted with the Protractor System are charged but $5 from the commencement. 215 Chesnut street. sep 3 3t

WANTED—A FEMALE TEACHER, acquainted with the Grammar of the English language, who is willing to devote her time to the instruction of a few small children, also to give instruction on the Piano Forte, in a private family residing in the country. To such a person a moderate salary will be allowed. For particulars, address S. A. F. New Jerusalem Post Office, Berks county, Pa. sep 3 3t

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO the estate of MARY RANDALL, late of the city of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make payment to the subscriber, and those having claims upon said estate, to present their accounts duly attested for settlement.

NATHAN SUPLEE, Adm'r.
Aug 20 6t* Blockley Township, Philada. county

INFIRMARY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SCROFULA AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN, No. 130 Spruce st. below Seventh, Philadelphia. Physician, G. H. PARTRIDGE, M. D.

References—J. C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass. W. Parker, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio. Philadelphia, H. Bond, M. D. J. Clapp, M. D. R. Coates, M. D. S. Janny, M. D. Office hours 9 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.

*** Persons from a distance wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their case, and enclosing a fee—post paid—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescription. ja 4 eowtf

GRAHAM'S
LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.

A New Volume.--July, 1842.

This work is designed, as its title indicates, for both ladies and gentlemen. It has a corps of writers unequalled in genius and reputation by those of any periodical in the old or new world. It is printed with new and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and quality, and

Its Splendid Embellishments

are unsurpassed by any which have ever graced the periodical publications in our language. Indeed, in every thing connected with Art, Taste and Beauty, it is universally acknowledged to have *led the way*, and surpassed every magazine of the day. It is intended that in this respect the present volume shall excel all its predecessors; and extensive arrangements have, with that view, been entered into with the most eminent artists, for a profusion of costly illustrations of every description. In the department of

Mezzotint Engravings,

the proprietor has the satisfaction to be able to state that he has made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, whose exquisite productions have already added so much to its beauty, by which he will SECURE HIS SPLENDID MEZZOTINTS FOR THIS PERIODICAL ALONE—he being pledged to furnish plates to no other publisher without our permission. Next to Mr. SARTAIN, the most accomplished artist in the same department of engraving in America, is Mr. SADD, of New York, with whom, to prevent any possibility of disappointment, contracts have also been made; so that we can confidently promise A MEZZOTINT PLATE IN EVERY NUMBER. These admirable works will therefore constitute a FEATURE in GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, in which no competition from other sources will be possible. The MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS, as every artist is aware, are the most expensive that can be furnished for a work with a very large circulation, both from the fact that the cost of printing them is more than twice as great as that of printing ordinary line engravings, and from the necessity of reduplicating the plates,—our edition compelling us to have five or six of every one used in any number. Of our last volume we issued a larger impression than was published by any of our contemporaries; and of the present we print an edition UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF PERIODICALS—

More than 50,000 Copies per Month!

We have likewise entered into a permanent agreement with the celebrated engravers, RAWDON, WRIGHT & HATCH, and A. L. DICK, GIMBREDE, JACKMAN, JONES and others, of New York; and WELSH, WALTERS, TUCKER and others, of Philadelphia, for a series of

Splendid Steel Engravings,

to be finished in a style unequalled by any that have yet appeared in America. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the works we shall receive from them. With such an organization, we may safely defy rivalship in the way of embellishments, show the world A PATTERN FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW, in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and fix a new era in the history of magazine publishing in this country.

Elegant Embossed Work.

An agreement has also been made with that accomplished artist, F. QUARRE, Esq. for a full supply of tasteful EMBRIODERY, LACE WORK, BIRDS, FLOWERS, AND LANDSCAPES, COLORED IN THE MOST FINISHED AND ELEGANT STYLE. These will form an expensive, but attractive feature of the Magazine.

Richly Colored Fashions.

In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall continue to furnish them with beautiful and correct plates of FASHIONS, and shall also give the style for gentlemen, which has hitherto been so decidedly popular with all parties, and has rendered the work the TEXT BOOK OF FASHION throughout the continent. These, however, will in no way interfere with the regular series of splendid and choice engravings, and pieces of popular music which accompany each number, as we shall not suffer the Magazine to be surpassed in the *number* or *beauty* of its illustrations by any other work, but shall maintain the position we have assumed, of excelling all others in richness, beauty, excellence, and variety of embellishments.

Literary Character of the Work.

Of the literary character of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE it is almost unnecessary to speak. The high reputation it has hitherto maintained, might alone be deemed a sufficient guarantee of its future course. Yet, that our readers may perceive that, while making such extraordinary efforts to place it beyond competition as a magazine of Art and Fashion, we are no less mindful of the propriety and policy of keeping it AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN PERIODICALS in all the departments of letters, we present a list of our engaged contributors, with the confident assertion that no work in Europe or America can boast such an array of genius and talent.

Writers for Graham's Magazine.

James Fennimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The [illegible]," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as [illegible]," "The American Democrat," etc.
[illegible]m Cullen Bryant, author of "The Ages," and other Poems.
Henry [illegible] Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
Charles Fe[illegible] Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the [illegible]slaer," etc. [illegible]," "A Winter in the West," "Grey-
Henry William H[illegible]
Brothers," "The Man[illegible]," Author of "Cromwell," "The [illegible]leans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
William Falconer, Auth[illegible] temporary French and Germ[illegible]," "Translations from Co-[illegible]oets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
S. G. Goodrich, author of "Sk[illegible] Window," "Fireside Education," [illegible]es from a Student's works, etc. [illegible] "Peter Parley"
William Gilmore Simms, Author of "[illegible] Rivers," "Pelayo," "Southern Passages and Pictures," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Ye[illegible] Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
Frederick W. Thomas, Author of "Clinton B[illegible] Howard Pinckney," "East and West," etc. [illegible]aw,"
Cornelius Mathews, Author of "The Politicians," "Motley Book," "Puffer Hopkins," etc.
Douglas Jerrold, (of England,) Author of "Cakes and Ale," "The Hangman of Paris," etc.
Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Hon. Mrs. Norton, of England, author of "The Undying One, and other Poems," etc.
J. H. Ingraham, Author of "The Southwest," "Lafitte," "Burton, or the Sieges," etc.
H. T. Tuckerman, Author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle, or Sicily," etc.
Rufus Dawes, Author of "Athenia of Damascus," "Nix's Mate," "Geraldine," etc.
Edgar A. Poe, Author of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," etc.
Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," etc.
Rufus W. Griswold, Author of "The Poets and Poetry of America," etc.
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In addition to the above list of contributors—embracing nearly every author of established reputation in this country, it affords us great pleasure to present the names of the MOST EMINENT FEMALE WRITERS OF AMERICA. This Magazine, in all its departments, is intended for the lady's boudoir as well as the gentleman's library, and it would lack an essential characteristic of such a work if the subscriber failed to secure the services of those American ladies who have added not less to the glory of their sex than to the nation's literary character. The following distinguished authoresses are engaged as constant contributors:

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Besides these well known and universally popular writers, many anonymous contributors of distinguished merit furnish articles for nearly every number.

The Editorial Department

will continue to embrace notes on current literature, etc., and reviews of all new American and foreign works of general interest or value. The criticisms of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE are acknowledged in all parts of this country to be superior in acumen, honesty and independence to those of any cotemporary. Indeed, while a majority of the monthly and quarterly journals have become mere advertising mediums for the booksellers, in which every thing "in print" is indiscriminately puffed, this periodical is looked upon as a just and indiscriminating arbiter between authors and readers, in which both have implicit confidence.

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No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Gems from the Poets.

THE THREE CHILDREN.

BY MOULTREE.

I.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—
That my child is wise and grave of heart, beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his grave and serious air.
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
And loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire, is the thought that fills his mind.
The food for grave inquiring speech, he every where doth find.
Strange questions he doth ask me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talk as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports—dotes not on bat and ball,
But looks on manhoods ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee—she teacheth him to pray;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, are the words which he will say.
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I pray that he may be;
And while I look into his eyes, and stroke his youthful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

II.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his has ever been.
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folks who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy—he looks so mild and sweet.
A play-fellow he is to all, and yet with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden Home, the earth—
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove,
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love;
And if beside his grave, the tears our aching hearts must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

III.

I have a son, a third sweet son—*his age I cannot tell*—
For they reckon not by months and years where he has gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss that he doth feel
Are number'd with the secret things that God will not reveal.
But I know—*for God hath told me this*—that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be—on his Saviour's loving breast.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and pain, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles *their* souls from bliss may sever,
But if our poor faith fail not, *he* will be ours forever!
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on *that world's* blessedness, and *this world's* misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we would rather lose the other two, than have him here again!

Literary Varieties.

THE SHAKSPEAREAN ELYSIUM.

A few evenings ago, after I had spent several hours in the perusal of Shakspeare, and while my mind was occupied in reflecting upon that amazing genius which had "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," one of those reveries to which I have lately been [illegible] stole over my senses. I have fancied myself in a sturdy crazy boat, upon a sluggish stream, over which a [illegible] fellow of a waterman was rowing me. "Whither are you carrying me, my friend?" said I.

"To the other world!" he replied in a gruff voice, which caused a thrill throughout my whole frame.

"To the other world!" exclaimed I; "pray on what part of it do you intend to land me?"

"I have orders," said he, "to take you to the Shakspearean Elysium."

This was a place of which I had never heard before; and I therefore begged him to explain himself more fully.

"Why, master," said he, "you must know that this [illegible] a world of his own; and filled it, Shakspeare [illegible] such a vast variety of characters, that, moreover, when the appointed times came, Pluto declined admitting them to his dominions; saying, that he had no [illegible] them, unless he turned out his own subjects. [illegible] place was, therefore, created purposely for their reception, in which, as in the other, there is both an Elysium and a Tartarus. All the characters invented by the poet are sent to Elysium; excepting the very few that he has ill drawn, which, together with his bad puns, his bombast, and his indelicacies, are despatched to Tartarus; and also, excepting historical personages, who, being natives of the real substantial world above, are, of course, under the dominion of Pluto."

"Indeed," said I, "this is a rare place to visit; but although you, saving your presence, are marvellously ill-favored, you do not exactly answer the descriptions which I have read of that grim ferryman, Charon."

"No," said he, sulkily, "I am not exactly he, although my occupation is similar: I am the *Boatswain* mentioned in the '*Tempest*,' and fill this office at the instigation of an old brute of a Neapolitan lord, named *Gonzalo*; who prophesied that I should be hanged in the other world, and has done all he could to make me wish myself so in this."

By the time my ferryman had told me thus much, our boat had reached the shore. The first thing that I did upon landing was to look out for that "gentleman with three heads, as *Mrs. Malaprop* calls him, Cerberus. Instead of him, however, I found a good-looking mastiff with only one head upon his shoulders, who turned out to be no other than our friend *Crab*, in the "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*." I soon afterwards learned that *Bottom*, the weaver, whose fondness for volunteering his services on all occasions, my readers must be aware of, was very anxious to fill this situation; as he said that he could boast of having, at least, two heads; namely, the one with which he was born, and the ass's head which master *Puck* had fixed upon him. The qualifications of *Crab* were, however, considered superior, and *Bottom* was dismissed to Elysium.

Seated upon the throne of these infernal regions, instead of Pluto and Proserpine, I found Tragedy and Comedy. The former saluted me with a very condescending bend of the head; and the latter, with a bewitching smile, pointed out to me the gate of Elysium. I entered, and after recovering from the rapture which the delicious atmosphere, and the enchanting scenery excited, I looked around in search of some human object of curiosity. I found the place very thickly populated, and the inhabitants split into various small groups and parties. The first of those which I encountered consisted of six or seven persons, who were seated round a table in an arbor, and were eating and drinking, and making very merry. I soon found out that they were of that class of characters, now no longer in existence, so admirably portrayed by the great poet, called clowns, or fools. *Touchstone*, "one that had been a courtier," was in the chair; and around him were ranged *Launcelot Gobbo*; the bitter and sarcastic, yet, withal, kind-hearted fool in "*King Lear*;" the merry singing clown in "*Twelfth Night*," who made such irreverent sport of the cross garters of *Malvolio*; *Pompey Bum*, in one particular, the greatest of them all; the *Shepherd's Son*, and *Costard*; besides several others of inferior eminence. I also found this company pestered by a troublesome fellow, whose object it evidently was to get admitted among them, but who took much pains to persuade them that he despised them immensely and considered himself infinitely their superior. This person, whom they at length permitted to join them, I discovered to be *Apemantus*. The *Grave-digger* in "*Hamlet*" I learned had long been desirous of making one amongst them; and at last, having made them a present of a goblet made out of the skull of *Yorick*, the king of Denmark's jester, a noted man of their fraternity in his time, he was voted in with acclamation. I soon found that *Touchstone* was the orator and oracle of the circle; and he had just finished his dissertation upon the seven causes, and was reading them a lecture upon things in general, at the time that I approached the party.

After leaving this facetious group, I joined a party of supernatural beings. Amongst them I found that mischievous fellow *Puck* pretending to make violent love to one of the *Weird Sisters*. The grim lady appeared to be much flattered by his attentions, and was cooking him a delicate dish of Rat's liver, baked; which she proposed that he should wash down with a cup of baboon's blood. The waggish elf, however, was continually pestering her, by pinching her lips, pulling her beard, and riding away on his broom-stick. *Caliban* was sprawling on the lap of his mother, *Sycorax*, who kissed his lips, patted his cheeks, and fondled the foul monster like a baby. Tall ladies are said to be fond of little gentlemen, and accordingly I found that *Hecate* had been guilty of the abduction of Master *Peaseblossom*, the favorite of *Queen Titania*, and head-scratcher to *Nicholas Bottom*. This small Adonis seemed by no means proud of the lady's attachment, and was, for a long time, vainly plotting his escape; until a humble-bee flying past them, he sprang upon it's back, and rode away merrily to fairy-land.

I next met two ill-looking, yet evidently blustering fellows, moving along at a quick, stealthy pace, and casting many an alarmed look behind them; and about a hundred yards in the rear, I encountered a brace of sturdy-looking old gentlemen, one of whom carried a fork, and the other a cudgel in his hand. These were indications sufficient to inform me that the first-mentioned pair were those valorous military gentlemen, *Ensign Pistol* and *Captain Parolles*; and that their followers were the wholesome disciplinarians, *Lafeu* and *Fluellen*.

Soon afterwards, I found two persons in close consultation, whose scowling brows, darkened countenances, and heaving bosoms, denoted much mental affliction. They were weighing clouds, and measuring ants' legs; casting up cyphers, fathoming the profundity of a puddle, and taking the dimensions of a freckle on a lady's cheek, which they viewed through a powerful magnifying glass. The result always appeared to astonish and distress them exceedingly. I knew the first, by his black visage and martial air, to be *Othello*; and guessed that the other was his fellow-dupe and brother-sufferer *Leontes*.

Lear, *Hamlet*, *Jaques*, and *Timon* seemed to be very close associates. *Timon* was giving a vehement description of his sufferings, mental and bodily, when he was interrupted by *Lear*, who asked him how many daughters he had? and the querist shook his head incredulously, when he was answered that he had not any. *Master Slender* passed by them, scratching his head violently; upon which *Jaques*, with tears in his eyes, begged him to desist, saying that the small animals he was annoying, being "native burghers" of his land, had as much right to inhabit there, as he had to occupy the ground upon which he stood. *Slender* thought he was laughing at him, and said that he would have him up before his cousin, *Robert Shallow, Esq.*, a justice of the peace, upon which *Hamlet* told him that he was "a very, very ——— peacock!" and bid him go to a nunnery.

I continued walking on, and soon afterwards found myself on the banks of a stream which was of a very different color from any that I had ever seen before. I at first imagined that this must be Lethe, or a branch thereof, and I afterwards learned that the latter had originally been the case; but that such was the antipathy between things Shakespearean and Lethean, that as soon as the first of our author's characters entered these Elysian fields, the river shrunk from its channel, and at length left it completely dry. Every one was much puzzled what to do with the deserted bed of the river, until, at the suggestion of Falstaff, it was filled with sack and sugar. I was therefore not much surprised to find that worthy knight and his associates seated on its banks with wooden bowls in their hands, where they were joined by several strangers, of whom *Sir Toby Belch* was the chief, and he soon became a favorite with his brother knight. *Shallow* came up to them, and very gravely demonstrated on the dissoluteness of their lives; but finding that they would not leave their potations, he joined them, saying that as he was in the commission, he might probably be useful in preventing a breach of the peace. On this hint, *Dogberry* and *Verges* joined the party; alleging, that as they were the prince's officers, they could execute his worship's warrant if necessary. *Sir Hugh Evans* seated himself next to *Falstaff*, saying, that it was unbecoming Christian men to follow such depraved courses, but that if they would just give him one cup of sack, he would drink to the amendment of their lives.

The next change that "came o'er the spirit of my dream" placed me among a group of ladies. There I found *Rosalind* and *Beatrice* chattering very familiarly; only I thought that the gentle, though mirthful, spirit of the former seemed occasionally to shrink at the bitterness of her companion. *Imogene* and *Viola* were walking, arm in arm, very lovingly; as were also *Juliet* and *Desdemona*. *Mrs. Ford*, *Mrs. Page*, *Mrs. Fenton*, late *Anne Page*, and numerous other gossips, were seated round a tea table, and inhaling and distributing scandal from a beverage, with which they had not the happiness to be acquainted in the world above. *Mrs. Quickly* was attending upon them very busily, though she contrived to bear as large a share in the conversation as the ladies themselves. Such a clatter and a din, I had never heard raised before, even by female voices; when suddenly awaking, I found that the noise proceeded from my own sweet-voiced better half, who told me that my fire had burnt out, my candle was glimmering in its socket, and that, unless I speedily aroused myself, I must go supperless to bed.

THE TRUE SCHOLAR.

"It is not only because men may possess flesh and sense that the highest qualities of their character are more or less obscured to our vision; but we ourselves are so filled with thoughts and plans about the present, that we cannot pause to notice and study the character of our friends. It often is not until death has broken the earthly relations we sustain in them, that we begin to open our eyes to their true character, and contemplate them in *reference* to what goes before, and what follows after. And this is especially true of those retired scholars, who are not frequently and constantly with us. Our attention being occupied with the employments of life, we do not pause to notice any thing but what immediately concerns these employments. We are content to leave the character of others unthought of or unexamined; or take up notions of their excellence, or of their folly or wickedness from the opinions which the interests of sect or of party have given them. How very often popular indignation becomes the distorting medium through which a [illegible] man is seen,—popular indignation excited perhaps only because, like a far-sighted parent, he sought to guide and control the public feeling to the best, and most useful ends. How often an accidental and momentary popularity is the soul ground of the elevated rank, which we assign to some favorite of our friends, and how often we open our ears to public slander or to private scandal, and make them the witnesses upon whose testimony we form our opinions of the worth, or the weakness of those called great. It is thus, that our eyes are often holden, that we may not know the excellence that really pertains to the men of our own day.

"It is moreover true that real greatness is seldom or never obtrusive in its pretensions. It is never fitful and uneasy lest it should not be noticed and find its right place, and it does not therefore urge itself into the front ranks of active and bustling life. It is more allied to the divine wisdom which shows itself oftenest and best, not in the tempest and the earthquake, but in some still small voice of ministering kindness—in the rain that falls, in the dew that distils. The spontaneous feelings of the heart, those which belong to the essential characteristics of our humanity, and which draw forth by the most kindly influences the same in others to meet and coalesce in oneness of spirit, that they may proceed in harmony of opinion and action, issue forth only in hours of quiet, in seasons of rest and repose. The busy world, as it hurries on, does not heed such, and therefore the man, who possesses them is hidden from their eyes. He reposes in the calm consciousness of his own strength, never using it, until he feels the time has come, which calls for its exercise, and then he comes forth to guide and control others, or from his closet gives his counsels of wisdom and points out the way of success to those, who rejoice in the active toil of busy effort. He loves not the bustle of the comitia, he delights not in the publicity of the forum. Unknown though he seems to be, he quietly unfolds truths, and from the deep and hidden fountains of his own bosom pours forth the pure waters of living thought. Who bears the name of Caius Lælius—and yet Scipio the conqueror of Hannibal, speaks of himself as but executing the designs of that philosopher. Who recalls the name of Publius Nigidius—and yet Cicero confesses that Nigidius was the author of his noblest actions, and himself the joyful executive of another's plans. And who does not remember that after all, it was the poor *wise* man, who saved the city! So true is it, that the eyes of men are holden, that they should not know without earnest inquiry and deep reflection, or without having the temporary veil of earthly relations removed, the surpassing excellence that belongs to those, who are the highest and the best representatives of our humanity."—*President Wheeler's Eulogy on President Marsh.*

ECKERMANN.

The following sketch of Eckermann, the German Biographer, presents one of the many instances, where talent and merit have raised their possessor from humble life. "Our worthy reporter's father was a merchant on a small scale, who carried his shop upon his back for many years, from village to village, over the sandy heath between Luneburg and Hamburg. He dealt in ribbons, cotton-twist, silk-thread, coarse linen cloth, and goose-quills. His mother kept a cow, weeded an acre of ground around her humble cabin, attended to her domestic duties, and in her leisure hours made a little money by spinning cotton, and netting dress-caps for the fair daughters of the Luneburg burgesses. John Peter, as the last born son of a second marriage, was left as the only companion of his industrious parents during their declining years; but this seclusion was, to his quiet contemplative character, a source of as great enjoyment as to a young Napoleon or Byron it might have been of pain and uneasiness. In the spring season, the future friend and confidant of Goethe was employed during his boyish years in collecting the reeds, leaves, and dry grass that the Elbe had left from its floods, to serve as litter for his mother's cow. As the summer advanced, the dignity of his situation advanced with it, and John Peter became what in Homeric days would have been styled—a divine cow-herd. Like the ant too, he was busy during the summer months, in gathering together dry branches and leaves from the neighboring wood, for the supply of the winter's fire. In harvest he became sheaf-gatherer and gleaner to the reapers, and, as a sort of accessory trade, collected acorns and sold them to the neighboring farmers for feeding their geese. When he became a little older he was admitted into partnership with his father, and learned to bear his burden betimes. Such was the simple boyhood of the man to whom the world is indebted for a work which must go down to posterity along with the name and works of Goethe, and will to many bear a value not inferior to some of those immortal works themselves.

THE MERRY MOURNER.

Cries Ned to his neighbors, as onward they press'd,
Conveying his wife to the place of long rest,
"Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?"

STIR AMONG THE BISHOPS.

In his "*Perambulation of Kent*," Lambarde relates the following "hurley burley," as he calls it, which took place in the time of King Henry Second, between the Bishops of Canterbury, and the Bishops of York. Church, as well as State, is sometimes disturbed with the affairs of the world. "After this another hurley burley happened in a Synode assembled at Westminster, in the time of King Henry the Second, before Cardinall Hugo, (Pope Alexander's Legate) betweene Richard and Roger, then Archbishop of these two Sees, upon occasion, that Roger of Yorke comming of purpose (as it should seeme) first to the assembly, had taken up the place on the right hand of the Cardinall, which when Richard of Canterbury had espied, he refused to sit down in the second roome, complayning greatly of this prejudice done to his See: whereupon, after sundry replies of speech, the weaker in disputation (after the late manner of shrewde Schoole-boies in London streetes,) descended from hote wordes, to hastie blowes, in which encounter, the Archbyshop of Canterbury (through the multitude of his money) obteined the better. So that he not onely plucked the other out of his place, and (trampling upon his bodie with his feete) all to rent and tare his Coule, Chimer, and Rochet, but also disturbed the holy Synode therewithall in such wise, that the Cardinall for feare betooke him to his feete, the company departed their business undone, and the Bishops themselves mooved suite at Rome for the finishing of their controversie. By these, and such other successes, on the one side the Byshops of Canterbury followng, took such courage, that from thenceforth they woulde not permit the Byshops of Yorke to beare up the crosse, either in their presence, or province: And on the other side, the Bishops of Yorke conceived such a griefe of heart, disdaine, and offence, that from time to time they spared no occasion to attempt both the one and the other."

A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

Pete and Sam.—We know not how long it is since the pleasure was ours of recording one of those wondrous wise *conversaziones* between Pete Gumbo and Sam Jonsing, the wisdom and profundity of which have pleased and astonished the whole philosophical world.

They met last evening—no matter where—suffice it to say 'twas not "in a crowd." Each with that grace of easy elegance peculiar to himself touched his castor—each simultaneously stretched forward his dexter hand, and in a moment the connecting link of friendship was formed between them.

"Whoy, how's you now, Misser Jonsing," said Pete, "it's a coon's age since I saw's you!"

"Well, tank you, Misser Gumbo," said Sam. "I's just 'bout todder way like de childern. How's de lady ob color wot's de ferlicity ob callin' you by de endeerin' term ob old man?"

"Wall fac is, Misser Jonsing, I doesn't like to be imperlite, but I does tink when you traduceriore Missus Gumbo's name you obtrudes de bounds ob domestic secretaries."

Here there were mutual retractions, explanations, elucidations and all those resorts to finesse by which our wisest statesmen and gravest diplomatists work their way out of a doubtful position or a difficulty.

"It ain't no matter," said Pete, "let dat stan dar," and resorting to first principles he put the following question to the erudite Mr. Jonsing.

"I now ask you, and I require a cat-or-a-gor-ical answer, what does white folks mean when dey talks so much 'bout a 'protective tariff?'"

Sam gave three solemn nods to his woolly head, wisely revolved his globular optics and replied—

"You's in de genral boot-black bisness, isn't you, Pete?"

"Dat I is," said Pete, emphatically.

"Den I tells you," said Sam, striking the fore-finger of his right hand on the palm of his left—"den I tells you, it's a movement to derstroy de reciprorcrosity ob your business. 'Low me to resplain de matter. You see dere's a new compersition inwented for de prerserwation ob ledder in gin'ral and boots in 'ticular; it's composed in misserlaneous quantities ob bees' wax and hogs' lard, but de princerple ingredient is *tar*, and consequensationally white folks call it de protective *tariff*, cause it will do away wid de polisherin bis'ness all togeder."

"Good by, Sam," said Pete, striking down with violence a rusty Panama on his head, which had seen some eight summer's service, and striding out his flat feet on the banquet in a manner which showed he had business of importance to perform—"Good by, Sam," he repeated, "I puts my weto on dat 'er protective tariff, *sure*."—*Picayune.*

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

The last rays of autumnal sun were gilding the tops of the spires of the old Abbey of Westminster, when a figure emerged from the dark gothic archway, and darted, with the rapidity of lightning, along the side of the old wall which marks the site where the monastic brethern formerly had their dwelling. The stranger was dressed in a dark tunic falling to his knee, and wore round his neck a profusion of mohair, which fell in ample folds, and was fastened inside his vest by some invisible process. His legs were covered with a woollen material, shaped into a garment, in accordance with the age in which he lived; and his feet were encased in leather, cut into the fantastic form characteristic of the period we are writing of. His head, which was moulded after the models which Phidias, Carew, Praxiteles, Canova, Nollekens, or Westmacott, might have produced, was disfigured in some degree by a round black covering, which was pulled down almost to the eye-brows, and the finely chiselled chin of the stranger was concealed in a bird's-eye handkerchief. His nose looked as if it was fresh from the studio of the sculptor, so delicately did it appear carved out into *alto relievo* from the countenance, and the stranger's eyes might have been just wet from the easel of Michael Angelo, Buonarotti, or Martin Archer Shee, so strikingly did the pupil appear to be thrown in between the lowering lashes. Scarcely had the stranger gained the eastern angle of the cloister, into which he was about to dart, when an individual muffled up in a cloak stood before him, and producing two papers, placed one in the hand of the mysterious individual in the tunic, and having merely called his attention to the other, hastily retired. The stranger sunk exhausted upon the stone bench that runs round the cloister, and the paper fell from his hand. I darted forward—I picked up the writing that had produced such an effect upon the stranger's frame, for he was by this time in strong convulsions. Having restored his animation by the usual means, I proceeded to peruse the paper.

* * * * *

It was—*the copy of a writ!*

THE SMALL-FRY WITS.

Of all pretenders to oddity, says Tasistro in his Random Shots, those who indulge practical jokes are the most detestable. Essentially commonplace and vulgar, if they are gay, they are mischievous; and if dull they are downright stupid. Priding themselves upon their eccentricity, they become the pest and torment of society, frequently causing serious quarrels and grievous misunderstandings. They are, for the most part gentleman loafers, who, mistaking brandy and water for fun, and tobacco smoke for good company, generally possess as much manners as may be found in an unhanged pirate. Their favorite pastime is to exercise their strength at the expense of their neighbor's weaknesses, such as torturing a finger out of joint by the cordial shake of the hand; giving their acquaintances a startling warning of their approach by a good thumping slap on the back, and occasionally knocking down their best friends in pure demonstration of their partiality and regard. What adds to the sinful atrocity of these fellows' odd ways is, that, although they are constantly perpetrating some outrage or other, they are never known to express the least repentance for the evil done. They are brutes in the most rational sense of the term; for even a dog will wag his tail in token of contrition, should he, in very playfulness, have run his teeth into any sensitive part of your person. In short, if anything could justify the carrying of concealed weapons, it would be to repel the advances of such rough customers as these; they are extremely dangerous to the state, and should be shunned by all those who value an unbroken shin and equanimity of temper; for there is no safety either to the one or to the other in their company. The excellent French proverb, "*Jeu de main est jeu de villain*," cannot be too studiously kept in mind.

Byron and Coleridge.—A generous mind will naturally seek to make reparation for wrongs done to another. Mean souls never acknowledge their faults, and seldom forgive those who point them out. In a letter to Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron evinces that true magnanimity of mind which ever characterized the better feelings of the noble poet—he says—"You mention my '*Satire*,' lampoon, or whatever you, or others please to call it. I can only say that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my friends; which is heaping coals of fire upon an enemy's head, and forgiving me too readily, to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough; but although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."

The lines referred to by Byron, are familiar to the readers of "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*."

"Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear!
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays the laureat of the long-eared kind."

Laughter.—Fools are subjects for laughter, though they are not noted for laughing themselves. Any thing very absurd is capable of exciting laughter. A case in point is the story of the Indian who appeared astonished on seeing the large quantity of froth ooze from a bottle of porter when the cork was drawn; when he was asked what surprised him so!—do not think, said he, I wonder it comes out; but how did you contrive to squeeze it in? We do not admire the solemn quack who keeps an everlasting, unchanging elongation of visage;—you might as well stir a pulse in a dead man, as move the muscles of such impenetrable, unanimated clay. There are in the world some very strange fellows——of such vinegar aspect,

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable!

It has been said that Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life;—laughter might have been added, if the wit and originality of humor, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare. Dryden somewhere observes, that it is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh. The risible properties in man are said to be catching;—it would so seem, according to the lines of an old versifier,

He that would move another man to laughter,
Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after.

Great Men.—Great men and their times produce each other. Washington gave lustre to the Revolution, but it was the spirit of the Revolution that created Washington. Hear what Victor Cousin says:—A great man, whatever may be the kind of his greatness, whatever the epoch of the world in which he makes his appearance, comes to represent an idea, and not any other idea, at the precise time when that idea is worth representing, and neither before it nor after it;—consequently he appears when he ought to appear, and he disappears when nothing is left for him to do: he is born and he dies in due season. When nothing great is to be done, the existence of a great man is impossible. In fact, what is a great man? He is the representative of a power not his own; for all power merely individual is pitiful, and no man yields to another man: he yields only to the representative of a general power. When, therefore, no such general power exists, or when it exists no longer; when it fails or falls into decay, what strength can its representative possess? Hence also no human power can cause a great man to be born or die before his hour is come; it cannot be displayed, it can neither be advanced nor put back, for he existed only because he had his work to do, and he exists no more, only because nothing is left for him to do, and to wish to continue his existence would be to wish to continue a part which has been acted to the end and exhausted.—*Boston Daily Circular.*

Legion of Honor.—When the Marquis Lucchesini, the Prussian minister, came to the audience of the first consul at the Tuileries, he was covered with ribbons and crosses of numerous orders. Bonaparte, who was standing at one of the windows, observed how the people gazed at them on his alighting from his carriage, and how impressed they seemed with a sense of the importance of the diplomatist who wore so many brilliant decorations. This is said to have first suggested to him the idea of the Legion of Honor.

Sheridan.—A short time before Sheridan died, he visited the scene of his dramatic honors, Drury Lane, and was gratefully welcomed by the whole company of actors. Moore, in his Life of "Old Sherry," relates the following:—Though the Theatre of Drury Lane had been three years built, his feelings had never allowed him to set his foot within its walls. About this time, however, he was persuaded by his friend, Lord Essex to dine with him and go in the evening to his Lordship's box, to see Kean. Once there, the "*genius loci*" seems to have regained its influence over him; for, on missing him from the box, between the acts, Lord Essex, who feared that he had left the house, hastened out to inquire, and, to his great satisfaction found him installed in the green room, with all the actors around him, welcoming him back to the old region of his glory, with a sort of filial cordiality. Wine was immediately ordered, and a bumper to the health of Sheridan was drank by all present, with the expression of many a hearty wish that he would often, very often re-appear among them. This scene, as was natural, exhilarated his spirits, and, on parting with Lord Essex that night, at his own door, in Saville Row, he said triumphantly that the world would soon hear of him, for the Duke of Norfolk was about to bring him into parliament. This, it appears, was actually the case; but death stood near as he spoke. He died in a few days after his last fatal illness began.

The French Theatre owes its origin to the religious exhibitions given by pilgrims on their return from Palestine. At these exhibitions, the pilgrims gave an account of the remarkable places of the Holy Land, and recited their own adventures. They were afterwards imitated by those who had never been to the Holy Land, and are still practised in catholic countries by priests in their churches, by kings in their palaces, and by the Pope in the Vatican. To these succeeded the Mysteries—dramatic representations of subjects taken from the New Testament, which being forbidden by the Provost of Paris, the priests invited the king to be present at an exhibition, to prove that they were calculated to excite religious feelings. The building in which they were performed was divided into three scaffoldings; the highest representing Paradise, the next the world, and the lowest, which was in the form of a dragon's head, representing Hell. The only entrance to the two upper scaffoldings was through the dragon's head. The actors never left the stage, even to change their dress. The pieces were so long as to require several days for their representation. At the close of each evening, the audience were invited to return, till the whole was finished. Some occupied forty nights. Though considered as religious ceremonies at first, the Mysteries became finally so gross as to be forbidden by act of parliament.

Heysham gives a curious anecdote of herons:—There were two groves, one of which for many years had been the resort of a number of herons; the other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived together for a long time without disputes. At length the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very old oaks, were cut down, and the young brood perished by the fall of the timber. The parent birds immediately set about preparing new habitations, in order to breed again, but as the trees in their neighborhood were only of late growth, they determined to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks made an obstinate resistance, but after a violent contest, the herons succeeded in building their nests, and brought out their young. The next season the same contest took place, and terminated as before, after which time peace seemed to have been agreed between them. The rooks relinquished part of the grove; the herons confined themselves to those trees which they had first seized upon, and the two families lived together in as much harmony as before the quarrel.—*Boston Circular.*

PATHETIC.

"Now oft the simple country folk
To this sad spot repair,
When wearied with their weekly yoke
They steal an hour of care.
And they that have a pipe to smoke,
They go and smoke it there."

Moliere, the first genius of the age of Louis XIV., was the son of a dealer in old clothes. He became discontented with the employment of his father's shop, in consequence of being taken to the Theatre by his grandfather, who afterwards sent him to college. After joining a company of provincial players, Moliere came to Paris, in 1658, and established his company there. The "*Precieuses Ridicules*" first ensured him success. His annual income was then equal to $12,000. His biography relates that he wrote thirty pieces in fifteen years, in addition to managing the company, and always taking a part upon the stage himself. So fond was he of his profession, that though repeatedly warned to leave off acting, on account of a pulmonary complaint, he persevered till it caused his death. The sketch of a coquette in his "Misanthrope" is unrivalled. Pope's Belinda is a coarse caricature in comparison with it. His "Tartuffe" is the first comedy on the French stage. So faithfully did it represent the false Devotee, that after one representation, it was, through the influence of the monks, forbidden.

Dryden's Ode.—Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, "I have been up all night" replied the old bard; "my musical friends made me promise to write them an Ode for the feast of St. Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it: here it is, finished at one sitting." And immediately showed him this ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation. This anecdote, says Dr. Warton, as true as it is curious, was imparted by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope, by Pope to Gilbert West, by him to Mr. Berenger, who, observes the Doctor, communicated it to me. The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity of the thoughts, the glow and expressiveness of the images, those certain marks of the first sketch of the master, conspire to corroborate the fact. It is not to be understood, that this piece was not afterwards reconsidered, retouched and corrected.

D'Israeli.—The author of Vivian Grey is entirely original. He never reminds us of any one else. We never close the book, saying, "surely we have read this before!" In any one age than the present, says one of his admirers, or even now, had he lived less in society, D'Israeli would have been a poet. He has essentially the poetic temperament—the intense self-consciousness, the impetuosity, and the eye for the beautiful. Many of his single phrases are perfect pictures; what can be more happy than the line in which he calls Florence

"The airy Athens of the Apennine."

What a world of association is at once called up! the loveliness grows more lovely, because the shadow of the remembered is flung around it. We not only see the fair city, but we see the statesmen, poets, and painters who lived amid its walls, and left life's undying life, the mind, behind them.

TO KATE.

If stars were made to wink above,
And streams were made to wash below—
Then thou wert made, dear Kate, to love,
Then do what you were made for—oh!

If I have written well, says one of the best writers in the English language, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me, under no other title than that of the latter. In another place, speaking of pretenders, he observes that, deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest should yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought not to be made so, in complaisance to those who are.

Precocity.—It is seldom that infant prodigies live to verify, in riper years, the promise of their childhood. The following, related by Maffei, is an instance to the contrary:—So early did the famous Ennio Quirino Visconti discover the singular perspicacity of his intellect, that, at the age of a year and a half, he was perfectly acquainted with the alphabet; and, being unable as yet to articulate the liquids and consonants, would point them out with his tiny finger in any book shown to him. At two years of age he distinguished on medals the effigies of all the emperors from Julius Cæsar to Gallienus. At three years and a half he read both Latin and Greek; at ten he displayed, in a public examination, a thorough knowledge of geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and geometry; and at twelve, in a more formal and solemn examination, he solved the most abstruse problems in trigonometry, analysis, and the differential calculus.—*Boston Circular.*

Bettina Brentano.—The "beautiful madness," as somebody has called it, of Bettina Brentano's impassioned letter to Goethe, received a check in the following blunt, but good-humored and sensible epistle from the poet's mother:

"Really, child, you are quite mad—what nonsense have you got into your head? Do you think my son has nothing better to do than to wander out by moonlight, and think upon you? Silly girl!

"I tell you, once for all, every thing must be done in order—write sensible letters with something in them—send no more shilly-shally to Weimar—write what you see, and what you hear, one thing after another. Write how you like this man, and how you like the other,—and whether the sun shines or whether it is rainy,—any thing but nonsense."

The Year of Grace, 1842.—I am standing upon Shakespeare's Cliff, or what remains of it, wondering at the ruins of the railroad, and waiting for the daily from Australasia. I see a speck in the clouds, and hail the harbinger of news. The postman alights for half a second, (his regulation breathing time) folds his caoutchouc wings, sucks in concentrated lozenge, the virtues of a quart of London porter, blows his nose with an asbestos pocket handkerchief, and is off again like a rocket, before I have seen whether my letters have the postmark of Adelaide, or of Sydney.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

Authorship.—With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship, says Herder, the German philosopher. Coming from a fortunate author, as he was, the advice has weight. He goes on to say—too early, or immoderately employed, makes the head waste, and the heart empty, even were there no worse consequences. A person who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he who sends, through the pen and the press, every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will, in a short time, have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing office, a compositor.

Little intriguing, audacious Lord Egmont—always aspiring to rule, but never gaining it—a man despised by the old English nobility—little thought that the youngest and one of the weakest of his sons would ever gain the premiership, when he himself found such difficulty in obtaining inferior offices!

It is now said that any one may write, if he will, by the aid of a little practice. I do not think this, says an experienced author. No one can write well without imagination and judgment. He may write factitious stuff, which from factitious causes may please the multitude for a moment.

* Some genius at the South has perpetrated the following exquisite morceau:

I love to see a flock of sheep
All feeding on the mountain;
I love to see a drunkard drink
From out the living fountain;
At first upon his knees he gets!
And then he sticks his nose in,
But soon he slips, and then ker-souse,
His head and shoulders goes in.

Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes:—The ill-natured man looks to the bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to the marriages; the prodigal son to deaths; monopolists to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school misses to every thing relating to run-away matches.

La Fontaine was one of the most indolent and careless of men. He was ignorant of all the great affairs of the world,—lived in a world of his own, and wrote only to amuse his idleness. He was barren in conversation, and was once told that if he were not so witty he would be stupid. He said of himself, that he passed one half of his time in sleep, and the other half in doing nothing.

Poetry.—Poetic genius must run high in Perry Co., Pa. The Democrat says that a "poet" of that town, on returning from a picnic on the top of a neighboring mountain, "bust" out in this wise:

"When I came down the streets, they wore
A different aspect from what they did when I went up a little while before!"

It was once said of the American people that one-half of them sold rum, and the other half drank it.—*English paper.*

It is now said of the English people that a whole nation is quite content to starve, in order to gorge a Dutch family with luxuries.

Travel.—Countries wear very different appearances to travellers under different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions.

Farmers Department.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

On the Farm.—Fallowing of ground.—Let all of your disposable force be put to the preparation of your ground for winter grain; the sooner this is done, the sooner will you be in that position which all of us should covet—that of being ready for the next. In ploughing, whether the land be intended for Rye, or Wheat, it should be ploughed deep; for, in our humble opinion, there can be no surer truth than this—that depth of furrow is essential to successful culture. Under concurring favorable circumstances, shallow ploughing may, as it often has, produced very satisfactory yields; but these are mere exceptions, and do not interfere with the integrity of our rule. We would plough deep, whether the ground to be broken up be a clover-ley—a grass sward, a stubble field, or, indeed, any other description of ground. By so doing, among other advantages we should calculate upon gaining these. *First*, the burying the grass and weed seeds so deep as to be placed beyond the vegetating point, and the exemption of the succeeding crop from such pests—*Second*, by increasing the pasturage of the roots of the plants, we should calculate on their enjoying superior opportunities of growth and maturing—*Third*, exemption from injury arising from excess of moisture—*Fourth*, an earlier ripening of grain, in consequence of the equable facilities afforded of extracting nourishment from the soil, as well as from the atmosphere, the first owing to the expanded field opened to the roots, and the last, as the necessary consequence of the superior growth and elaboration of the stalk and leaves, of the plants—*Fifth*, the restoration to the surface of much valuable manure, which by its own gravitation had been sunk beyond the beneficial action of sun and air. These are a few of the benefits arising from deep ploughing, sufficient however, of themselves, to settle the question of propriety. But we would likewise desire to call attention to another point. It is this. Let the master insist that no *baulks* be made in his ploughing. The ploughman, who leaves any, if they be but a few inches, should be called to account. Having got your ground ploughed deep, say from 8 to 10 inches, rolled and harrowed, so as not only to have a fine surface tilth, but a soil of some 5 or 6 inches of that character, without farther delay, go to work and get in your

Rye.—In covering, do it with the plough, and be sure to give a bed of 3 or 4 inches to your seed—follow the plough with the harrow, and that by the roller, so as that the seed may be so compressed as to come into immediate contact with the earth. This ensures an early germination and firm hold to the roots of the plants. And in order that the plants may have time to take deep root before frost sets in, and thus entrench themselves against winter killing, we would advise *early, very early* sowing. We would much rather encounter the evil of rankness than that of winter killing. Where the ground is not good, and other mild manure not attainable, we would certainly sow a bushel of plaster, or five of lime to the acre.

As to the *quantity of seed* to the acre, from 4 to 6 pecks may, according to the quality of the land, be sown. In seeding either grain or grass, it is always best to have *enough*,—the ground should be well stocked with the desired plants, otherwise you may expect to reap a crop of weeds.

Wheat.—As with many farmers this is the *money* crop—as it is one peculiarly liable to be taken off by disease and by insects,—and as the late crops in Maryland, Virginia and other States, though offering the brightest prospects of heavy yields up to a late period of the spring, were nevertheless greatly injured by that fatal malady, the *Rust*—we say, that owing to these circumstances, and to that other *one*, that the wheat crop is among the most important products of our country, we think it behoves every one to do all within his power, to devise some *preventive* means to save this valuable crop from its ravages; as to *curative* ones, under our present belief, we look upon as being attainable. The *preventive* means, which now suggest themselves to our mind, are these—1. *Early sowing*—2. *the use of Plaster, Salt, or some other substance calculated to prevent the too rapid supply of the nutritive manures during the last two or three weeks of the growth of the plant. Deep ploughing*, would, in our opinion, exert a most valuable auxiliary, aid in repressing the decomposition of the animal and vegetable bodies buried in the soil, thereby not only prolonging the supply, but regulating the quantity prepared for the support of the plants, and thus guarding them against those dangers of excess, which are supposed by some to lead to the rupture of the sap vessels, and, consequently, to the disease known as the rust. It may be said, that, by early sowing, though the ripening of the grain two weeks sooner in summer might be secured, yet that it would render the plant more liable to the autumnal visitation of its ancient and deadly foe, the *Hessian Fly*, and that any benefit to be derived from exemption from rust, would be more than counterbalanced by the injury to be apprehended, as likely to proceed from the full attack of that subtle *enemy*. For ourself we are free to confess that we would rather encounter the fly, than to throw the ripening of the grain upon that peculiar period of summer, when, from the frequency of rains, prevelance of close sultry nights and succeeding hot suns, unaccompanied by wind, the blight cannot fail to ensue. If the *sowing* be delayed until October, as is now the case, and a *warm fall* should supervene, we should have to run the same risk from the fly, as, in ordinary seasons would result from a September seeding. At all events, we think that prudence would suggest the propriety of at least dividing the seeding between the two months. This would give a fair opportunity of testing the advantage and disadvantages of the two periods.

Quantity of Seed.—We think that in no case, should less than two bushels to the acre be sown. This would not be too much if all came up, escaped the fly, and being winter killed. If you do not fill the ground with Wheat plants, nature will supply the deficiency with weeds.

Preparation of the Seed.—Wash it in clean water wherever it discolors the water; then soak it in lie made of salt, or ashes, for twenty-four hours, taking care to skim off all the light and imperfect seed and foreign bodies. Then dry it, by mixing the seed well with either lime or plaster, so as to prepare it for sowing. There is no danger of the seed being injured by the soaks, though permitted to remain in them for several days, but the drying in lime, should only be done in such quantities as can be sown the same day.

Mode of putting in.—All winter grain should be ploughed in, then harrowed and rolled. Care must be taken, to run a sufficient quantity of water furrows to keep the plants dry through the winter, as it is destructive to permit the roots to remain imbedded in water during that inclement season, and we have no doubt that a very heavy per centum of loss arises, annually, from this cause.

Destruction of Garlic.—To effectually destroy this vile pest, we would advise that any field infested with it, should be ploughed up shallow; this process will effect two desirable objects,—*first*, it will expose the roots upon the surface to the killing rays of the sun, by which means a large portion of them will be destroyed—*secondly*, it will place the seeds, which may have matured, in a position to vegetate promptly, and enable you by turning them down, as soon as they shall have attained sufficient size to destroy them by decomposition. But if you desire to make an effectual sweep of this deadly enemy of sweet pastures and cleanly grain, you should give them, if possible, a ploughing in mid-winter, so as to expose whatever roots there may be remaining to the deadly influence of the alterations of the thawing and freezing of the winter. Nor should you stop there, if the field were thickly set with the garlic, but carry your cleansing operations into a spring and summer's plough and hoe-crop.

Setting of Meadows and sowing Grass Seeds.—If the ground, in which you contemplate sowing your grass, be rich, it will, of course, need no manure; but if it be not in good heart, let us advise you, to give it a heavy dressing of good strong manure, before you attempt to sow your seed. If you intend manuring, before you apply it, give your land a good *deep* ploughing, say, nine, ten, or twelve inches, *roll* it furrow-wise, and then *harrow* in the same direction; and then apply your manure, plough it in about three inches deep, then roll and harrow as previously directed, then sow your grass seeds, *harrow* them lightly in with a harrow, and finish by rolling.

By the deep ploughing we recommend, you will bury the weed seeds so low as not to allow of their germinating, and secure yourself a clean set grass field.

Quantities of Seed.—Of timothy, from 1 to 1½ pecks of seed per acre, the latter quantity best. Of orchard grass, two bushel of seed per acre. Of rye grass, two bushels of seed per acre. Of Redtop, one bushel of seed per acre. Should any one desire a mixture, one half the quantity of either of any two of the above kinds will answer.

No one should attempt to lay down a meadow to grass to remain for years, without being satisfied in his own mind that it is rich, and, consequently, able to bear the annual demands that will be made upon it; nor should any one be content with a meadow that does not yield *two tons of hay to the acre*; but to ensure this it must be its good heart at the beginning, and receive a top-dressing every second year.

The Olio.

A BRIDAL SOLEMNITY.

You bromish, now, you goot man dare,
Vot stands upon de vloor,
To hab dish voman for your wife,
And lub her eber more?
To feed her vel mit sour-crout,
Peens, puttermilk an sheese,
Ant in all dings to lent your aid
Dat vill promote her ease?

Yes, ant you, voman, standing dere,
Do pledge your vord dish tay,
Dat you vill dake for your husbant
Dish man ant him opey?
Dat you vill ped ant pord mit him—
Vash, iron, and ment his clothes;
Laugh ven he schmiles, veep ven he sighs,
Den share his choys and voes?

Vell, den, I now, sidin dese valls,
Mit choy ant not mit krief,
Bronounce you bote to be von mant,
Von name, von man, von peef!
I pooblish now dese secret bants,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Perfore mine vife, Got, Kate ant Poll,
Ant all dese gazin' eyes.

Ant as de secret scriptures say,
Vot Got unites togedder
Let no man dare ashunder poot—
Let no man dare to sever.
Ant you pritekroom, dare—here you shtop!
I'll not let go your gollar
Pefore you anshur me dis ding,
Dat ish—*vere ish my tollar?*

A Sailor's Letter.—A good one is told by an English paper, of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus: "Having been driven into the Bay of Fundy, by a pampoose right in the teeth. It blew great guns, and we carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't take an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived safe at Halifax." The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then sallied out to tell the story. "Oh, my poor son!" "Why, what's the matter, mother—I hope no mischief?" "Oh, thank God, he's safe—but he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth—it blowed great guns and they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah." "La, bless us! what a wonder they wan't beat to atoms! Well, I wouldn't be a sailor."

Wellerisms.—"He take's it *cool*," as the bar-keeper said when the man was drinking an iced lemonade.

"It's a poor *rule* that won't work both ways," as the scholar said when he sent it back at the master's head.

"Take now this *wring*, 'tis thine, love," as the man said when he wrung his wife's nose.

"I see through it *now*," as the old woman said when the bottom of her wash tub fell out.

"I have a bad *habit*," as the drunkard said, when he looked at his tattered garments.

"I'll be *floored*," as the house said to the builder, "before any body shall live here."

"Thou art my jewel," as the thief said to the abstracted diamond.

"The die is cast," as the counterfeiter remarked when he was arrested.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he stole the cat's dinner.

"Touch me not," as the decanter of rum said to the teetotaller.

A Gentleman applied to an attorney who had advertised for a clerk. "Can you *draw*, sir?" enquired the attorney. "*Yes, sir*," replied the candidate; "Very well; then I shall engage you at a salary of *a guinea a week*. Now, I am going out of town for a short time, I wish during my absence you would draw a deed;" and handing him the names of the parties and other documents necessary, he left the office. When he returned, a few hours afterwards, he found his clerk very busily employed with the original deeds tied up with red tape; drawing them round the room. "What are you about?" asked the attorney, in amazement. The other coolly replied, "*I am drawing deeds, sir, at a guinea a week.*"

A Rich Scene.—Somebody tells the following good story of an enamored swain, who sued on bended knees before a young and lovely creature. Said he: "Gentle one, be mine. Drive me not to distraction by a cold answer. I swear by those lovely eyes—by those lips sweeter than the nectar of the gods—by that brow whose marble beauty Minerva might envy—that I love you!" The gentle one sighed, as she gazed out upon the lovely landscape before her. Her heaving breast gave hope to the enraptured swain; and he was covering her snowy hand with kisses, when she exclaimed—"*There, I swow, if that nasty critter hasn't spill all the soap grease!*"

A Mercurial Soliloquy.—One of the wags of the New York Sunday Morning Mercury wants to go to Texas, and he thus ruminates upon the subject—"To go to Texas or not to go—that am the question—whether it are better to stay at home and bore these are ills what we has got, or to take up arms against a lot of Mexicans and Ingines, and, by fighting 'em, kill 'em. To fight!—to fire!—'taint nothing more nor hardly that—but, in that fight of ourn, what bullets may come, when we have shuffled off a shot or two, must bid us consider on't. Aye, there's where it rubs! Rather guess we won't go, on the whole."

"John, how does it happen that you, who tried so hard to get your wife, through a long and hopeless courtship of four years, now that you have won the prize, seem to care so little about her?" "Why, boss, I'll tell you. I've heard of a man who wanted to jump over a stone wall. He took a good start and run a mile, and when he got up to the wall he was so tired that he had to lie down and go to sleep by the side of it. Now, I loved my wife so long and hard before I could get her, that I found my love had all run out when I had her fast."

A Dutch Advertisement.—We copy this gratis from an exchange paper, and shall send Hans Vanbruggen no bill:—*Nothering.*—I dakes dis vay to inform de public vot I can do—dat I can make stove Bipes, Brass, Copper and Tin vork of any kind, from a Still vorm to a Vistle, and I can Sother up the booter dea bots vot has a hole in em, and make em just as coot as new. All dish I vill do for de Moneys, at mine old stand in dish little Village, neer Vare de carpenter lives vot makes de Wheel barrows and mands de vagons.—Hans Vanbruggen.

A Sharp Scholar.—A schoolmaster at the North, questioning his scholars upon certain points of scriptural history, asked a little shaver the following: "How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?" "How long?" "Yes." "They was there until they found their way out," responded the urchin. "Very well. What calamity befel Nebuchadnezzar for his wickedness?" He was obliged to turn Grahamite and live on vegetables." "You may take your seat."

A Quaker having bought a horse which proved unsound, of a man named Bacon, wrote to inform him of it, but received no answer. He shortly after met the man and requested him to take back the beast, which the other positively refused to do. Finding his remonstrances of no avail, the Quaker calmly said, "Friend, thou has doubtless heard of the devil entering the herd of swine, and I find that he sticks in the Bacon. Good morning to thee, friend."

Gas Impromptu.—An Actor in Baltimore, some years ago, having to play the Duke in Othello, and not being *au fait* in his part, found himself at fault when he came to this passage, "Take up this mangled matter at the best," and not wishing to call forth the goose from the audience, spoke it in this wise, "Take up the star-spangled banner and bear it to the West!" which drew down a patriotic burst of applause instanter.

A Jaw Cracker.—There was at the wharf at Van Buren, Arkansas, a few days ago, a steamboat called Soy-wa-ta-le-hi-ram-sup-hum-ted-ouchon, which in the "original Choctaw" means "Conqueror of Steamboats." We should think her name alone was sufficient protection against snags and sawyers of the worst kind. Her owners needn't go to the expense of insurance.

Medical Poetry.—On a smooth surface of a ledge of rocks at Rainsford Islands, that gem of Boston harbor, in front of the hospital, is the following epitaph:

Near these gray rocks
Enclos'd in a box,
Lies Mr. John Cox,
Who died of small-pox!

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the *praties*, as he was fresher than the poor *baste*."

A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. "*My horse*, if you please," said his wife, "*my* money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband bowing, "and *your* money bought *me* too."

Depending on Circumstances.—Said Dinah to Sambo, as they were taking a loving promenade, "Sambo, what your 'pinion bout de married life? tink it be de most happiest?" "Well, I'll tell you; dat are 'pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

Truth and Honor.—"The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive is the web of a gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word never."

Shell Fish.—"Ah!" said the Dutchman, "up oll to shell fish in te worlt, Sour Crout ish te pest mit em oll!" "Och ye fool!" replied Pat, "its nothing to be compared to a maley pratie!"

"Shoo them pigs out of the garden," said a mother to her son Tommy.

"What's the use o' shoeing 'em, mother?—Aint they got hoofs?"

"Let the toast be, dear woman," as the guest said when his hostess was about removing it from before him to the other end of the table.

An Irishman seeing a half a hog hung up in a slaughter-house, asked the butcher when he was going to kill the other half.

Moving.—"I move to remove the available moveables!" was the moving expression of the removing bank cashier!

"*I'll keep an eye out after you!*" as the chap said when the Kentucky gouger left him minus of an optic.

In Mississippi topers addicted to getting drunk on "light gin toddies," are called light draught steamers!

It is said they have invented strengthening pills down South, to put into weak tea and coffee.

Catching fleas in a fish net, is considered absurd.

"Shakspeare! Shakspeare!" exclaimed Macready one day, in a burst of admiration of the great poet—"Shakspeare *haunts me* night and day." "It is not to be wondered at, seeing that he has so cruelly *murdered* him!" whispered Tom Cooke to a friend.

An editor out west attacks a legal gentleman of his acquaintance, and styles him a "briefless lawyer, whereupon another editor says he is very sorry to see a brother abusing a man "without a cause."

No Go.—An old maid was once asked to subscribe for a newspaper. She answered no; she always *made her own news!*

"A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse!" as the man said when they were riding him on a rail.

A NEW VOLUME.

JULY, 1842.

THE LADY'S

WORLD OF FASHION.

A MAGAZINE

Of Choice American Literature.

A new volume of this Magazine will begin with July, 1842; when a series of important improvements will commence. The work is devoted *especially to the ladies*, and issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It contains articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day, on every variety of subject. Most of the stories are of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties are correctly given;—so as to make the work welcome at every fire-side—in the halls of the fashionable and the gay, in the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, or in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

Plan of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine is to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. *This we are enabled to do several months in advance of any cotemporary.* The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress-maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. We issue every month a number and variety of costume, which puts to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously.

Mezzotint and Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a perfect *parlor companion*, and an *ornament to the centre-table*, as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by choice and entertaining stories of domestic life. To leave nothing undone, at times, will be given, the most popular and elegant Music of the day, Songs, Gallopades, Marches, etc.

Original Contributors.

The series of popular tales which have appeared in this Magazine during the last volume, bears testimony to the talent and number of our contributors, who embrace some of the best male and female writers of the country. Our corps of contributors is monthly being increased, and the new volume will be opened with a great accession of literary strength. All the articles which appear in this work have particular reference to the female sex.

The Typography.

The work is printed on clear and beautiful type, on a page larger than any of the present three dollar Magazines, with fine margin, and strong, white paper, and will contain as much matter as can be compressed into thirty-two large octavo pages.

Time of Delivery.

The Magazine will be issued on or before the 15th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships which sail from Europe on the first of the month usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

THE TERMS.

To bring the work within the reach of all, it is issued at TWO DOLLARS per annum for a single copy, in advance, post paid. The cheapness of the work will be at once appreciated, when we state that the London World of Fashion retails in this country at $10 per annum, and the Lady's World of Fashion includes every variety in the same style of excellence.

TO CLUBS.

As friends often wish to club together, we make the following offers, to those who will send us current funds, free of postage.

Three copies for Five dollars.
Six copies for Eight dollars.
Eight copies for Ten dollars.

Editors who may wish an exchange, upon copying this prospectus, will be furnished with the work for one year.

Address C. J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

A NEW VOLUME.

MAY, 1842.

The Saturday Post!

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER
OF THE
MAMMOTH CLASS.

A new volume of the popular family newspaper, the Saturday Evening Post, was commenced on the first of May, 1842, beautifully printed on the finest white linen paper. The Post is the oldest and best established paper in the Union, having already got to the commencement of the

23d VOLUME.

While scores of papers which have been started in the *last twenty-three years*, have passed away for ever, the Post still maintains its proud position in point of circulation and profit, at the head of the family newspapers of the day.

The great size of the paper enables the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in contemporary sheets. The paper has been greatly

Enlarged and Improved,

And now appears in handsome new type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union*." Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing; while in size it surpasses every other weekly newspaper in Philadelphia, and has received from its contemporaries the title of

The Philadelphia Mammoth.

The great size of the paper enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

Literary Department.

The Post is acknowledged to be the first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its *original tales, essays, poetry, and other matter*. The following contributors are a warrant of its merit.

T. S. Arthur, author of "Temperance Pledge," "The Broken Merchant," and other Temperance Stories.	Thomas J. Beach,
Professor J. H. Ingraham, author of "Lafitte," "Kyd," &c. &c.	J. Milton Sanders, author of "The Miami Valley."
Jesse E. Dow, author of the "Log of Old Ironsides," &c. &c.	S. D. Anderson,
Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro,	Lydia H. Sigourney,
R. M. Walsh,	F. W. Thomas, author of "Clinton Bradshawe," "Howard Pinckney."
Miss E. Leslie,	C. Theresa Clarke,
N. P. Willis,	Miss J. Estelle,
Mrs. Emma C. Embury,	John G. Whittier,
Mrs. A. F. Annan,	Mrs. C. H. W. Esling,
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Lydia Jane Pierson,	J. Ross Browne,
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George P. Morris,	Mrs. Mary H. Parsons,
Francis S. Osgood,	Mrs. Caroline F. Orne,
Alfred B. Street,	Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud,
	Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
	J. T. S. Sullivan,
	Mrs. E. C. Stedman,
	Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz,
	William Wallace.

Original Stories appear in every number of the paper, with Original articles on *all subjects*.

The Post contains the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, beside the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all the other fountains of choice Original literature.

THE TERMS.

It is issued at the old established rate of TWO DOLLARS *per annum*. Cash, *in advance*, and may be truly said, now that it is enlarged, to be the

Cheapest Paper in the Union.

As friends and neighbors often wish to club together to facilitate remittances, we offer to such, or to any person who will secure us the names and money, the following

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Three copies for Five Dollars, in advance, post paid.

Seven copies for Ten Dollars, in advance, post paid.

It is to be understood, that to entitle any person to the benefit of the above terms, all arrearages must be first paid, and the subscriptions must be remitted *in advance, post paid.*

We adhere to the cash system. Editors who may copy this Prospectus, and forward us a copy, will receive our thanks, and a regular exchange.

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GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, No. 98 CHESNUT street above Third, over the office of Graham's Magazine Philadelphia.

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Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable—TERMS CASH. [illegible]

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This invaluable Medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness.—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a Spitting up of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of HOOPING-COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.

If this Expectorant be given in the commencement of PLEURISY, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, or in acute RHEUMATISM, in doses sufficiently large so as to cause a little nausea for some time, (going to bed and covering up warm,) it will produce perspiration and subdue those affections at once.

JONATHAN GOING, D. D., *President of Granville College, Ohio*, says, "he was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectorant."—Mrs. Deiks, of Salem, N. J., was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing by using two bottles of this medicine.—Mrs. W[illegible] also of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by five bottles.—A young lady, also of Salem, who was believed by her friends to be far gone with Consumption, was perfectly restored by three bottles.—Dr. Hamilton, of St. James, South Carolina, was greatly affected by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the lungs, and on using a bottle of this medicine found permanent relief.

ASTHMA CURED BY DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—Miss Mary Campbell, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen years continuance, by the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, and requested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—We esteem it a pleasure to be able to recommend this medicine, as the best calculated for the purpose of curing coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, and all affections of the lungs. From a long personal acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, we know that he is no quack, and his medicines are not nostrums of the modern cry up, but are the result of his long experience as a practising physician and the expense of great labor.—*Hartford, Conn. Daily Review.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The virtues of this efficacious and cheap medicine, for the cure of Consumption and other diseases, cannot be too well known. Very many lives have been saved by it.—*N. Y. Morning Atlas.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

VALUABLE MEDICINE.—We do not wish to commend any good medicine at the expense of another, but we cannot forbear to notice the valuable properties possessed by the "*Carminative Balsam*," and the "*Expectorant*," prepared by Dr. Jayne, of South Third street, in this city. We have forborne to give our evidence until after a thorough trial in our own family. They are invaluable in a family of children.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.—So many people are afflicted with these common every day disorders, that we deem it our duty to point our readers to a simple remedy, which we have tried and found efficacious. Jayne's EXPECTORANT is a very valuable phial of syrup which we have lately used with good effect in stopping a cough and loosening and breaking up a cold. It is a very agreeable [illegible]. This recommendation is not a bought puff, but entirely voluntary. And we feel that we can hardly do a greater favor to our readers in these days of cheating, than to recommend them a well tried, efficient remedies, especially those we have tried ourselves.

DANIEL [illegible]
Editor of the "Lynn Record," Mass.

From the Rev. A. B. Hinckley.

FRANKLIN, La., March 16th, 1841.

Your Medicines have been in nearly every case successful, especially the Expectorant. I have received much benefit from the use of this myself and one of my nearest neighbors who had been afflicted from childhood with the Asthma so severely as nearly to suffocate her during the paroxysm which returned about once a week, has been to all appearance permanently cured.

A. B. HINCKLEY.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 27th, 1841.

Dear Sir,—We want some more of your medicines, particularly the Expectorant, which gives universal satisfaction.

Respectfully yours,

Dr. D. Jayne. SLOSSON & WILLIAMS.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., May 31, 1841.

Dr. Jayne, Dear Sir,

Your Expectorant is in great demand and sells well. It is very popular. Your Vermifuge is now much used, as also is your Sanative Pills. Yours, &c.

BENJAMIN GREENE.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. [illegible]

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Since the important discovery of DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if he choose, preserve his hair from falling off,—or if already bald, may with certainty have his hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which, in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person, of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 11, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase; and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle. I have been a good deal irregular in the use of the Tonic from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, as long [illegible] the tigues I have had it cut on those parts which were utterly destitute of any when you saw me. It was however very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hopes of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, against all the hair humbugs which have been advertised in the papers. I am constrained to believe it is what it claims to be, and that it will make the hair grow, and no mistake, at least on some heads.

GEORGE W. EATON,
Professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary,
Madison county, N. Y.

From the Summerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Summerville for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING most sensibly. I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration, but was hereditary.

JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
April 14, 1841. Mount Horeb, Summerset Co., N. J.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—After giving this article a fair trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be what it professes, the best article, without any exception, in use, for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. We know of numerous instances where hair has been restored to heads which have been bald for years, and we think we cannot do a greater favor than to recommend all our readers who are losing their hair to make a trial of this Tonic immediately.—*Boston Bee, May 1, 1841.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1840.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c., without experiencing much if any benefit.

Respectfully yours, S. S. FITCH, M. D.
No. 172 Chestnut street.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., Feb. 12, 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir—I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But two or three years past it had so fallen out, that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness, by combing the hair on the side over it. But now, after using about half a bottle of the Tonic, I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had.

C. C. PARK,
Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. [illegible]

DR. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, and the only remedy worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT; and in the above and following diseases it really acts like a charm, viz:

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of Food after Eating, and also where it passes through the body unchanged, Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to Sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, fretting and crying of Infants, and for all Bowel Affections and Nervous diseases.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia, and is sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States. Price 50 cents. [illegible]

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—OF ALL DISEASES to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them.

Prepared only at No. 20 South THIRD St. Phila. [illegible]

DAGUERREOTYPE MATERIALS.—M. P. SIMONS, Daguerreotype, Miniature Case and Apparatus Manufacturer, also importer of Plates, Chemicals, Lenses, together with every other article used in the art. Orders from any part of the country attended to upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice, at No. 173 Chesnut street, 2d story, opposite the State House, Philadelphia.

N. B. A liberal discount to city operators who buy to sell again. [illegible]

A VERY desirable FARM for sale.—The subscriber offers to sell that valuable farm on which he resides, situated in the township of Upper Oxford [illegible] Chester county, Pa. There are but few farms for sale so well suited for farming purposes, combining the raising of grain with the grazing of cattle. The property comprises two hundred and twenty-four and a half acres of good land, with commodious buildings and all the requisites for the purposes of agriculture. The owner is so desirous of selling, that a moderate price will be taken, and possession given [illegible] next fall.

Persons who may wish to own such property will please apply directly to the owner for particulars.

june 11-tf [illegible]SHALL W[illegible]

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—W[illegible] to the particular attention of those desirous of [illegible] hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." [illegible] highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who all know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in the city, or to D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, or H. C. [illegible] corner of Eighth and Walnut, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.

Price $16.00 per dozen, or $2 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. [illegible]

STAMMERING CURED, and instruction given in Elocution by Dr. A. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street Philadelphia. nov 29-1y*